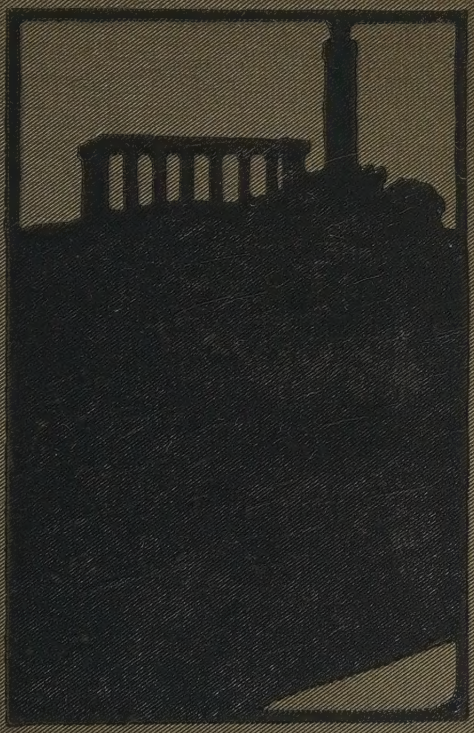
# EDINBURGH of TO-DAY



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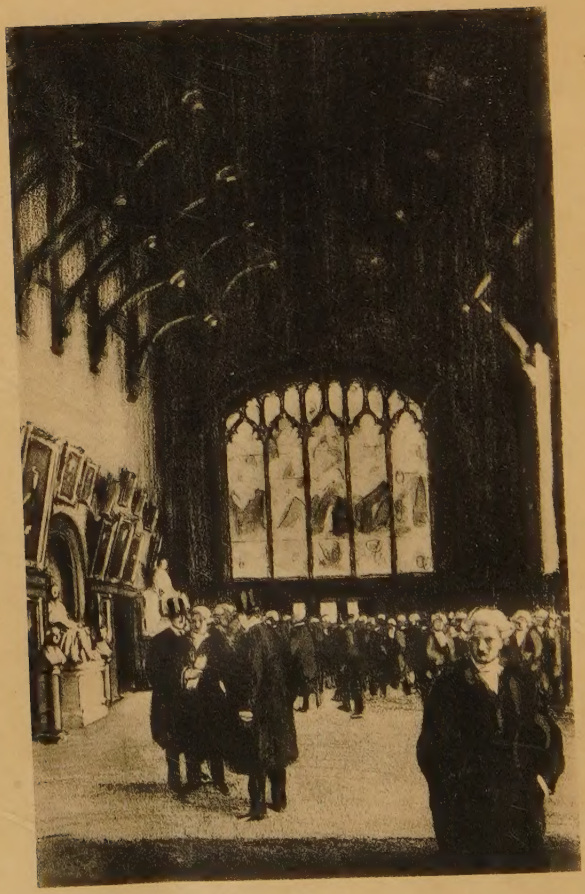
# EDINBURGH OF TO-DAY



PARLIAMENT HALL.

# EDINBURGH OF TO-DAY

BY

ANTHONY KEITH

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMPSON

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW

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# PREFACE

THIS volume does not pretend to be a guide-book in the ordinary sense of the term, for the publication of a guide to Edinburgh has been undertaken by so many enterprising persons of late years that an addition to the number seems superfluous. The matters herein contained may, however, be read along with, or in supplement of, the information set forth in the regulation guide, without which no tourist or stranger visiting Edinburgh seems to be entirely comfortable. What is aimed at in the present work is to give to the tourist and occasional visitor an idea of what manner of city Edinburgh really is, with information as to its folk, its institutions, its foibles, and idiosyncrasies without troubling the reader to verify statements by reference to map or index; and if he or she in sceptical vein does not see fit to accept of certain items of information given, without proof or substantiation, my advice to him (or her) is to go forth in the city and collect proofs for himself, or herself, as the case may be. The living proofs are ready to hand, only they cannot be collected in a day, or a month, or a year, and the tourist who "does" the city in a few hours on a round-trip contract ticket had best rest content with the information herein provided.

It is with pleasure I am able to state at the outset that nobody's corns are going to be trod upon in the course of the work, for, knowing the inhabitants of the capital somewhat thoroughly, I am satisfied that corns, in the figurative sense, are not possessed by them.

A. K.

# CONTENTS


## Anticipation

| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Introductory, | 1 |
| II. | Romantic Ideas, | 4 |
| III. | Commercial Ideas, | 8 |
| IV. | Sporting Ideas, | 12 |
| V. | Glasgow Ideas, | 17 |
| VI. | Rustic Ideas, | 22 |
| VII. | Educational Ideas, | 28 |
| VIII. | General Notions, | 34 |

## Realisation

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| IX. | First Impressions, | 42 |
| X. | Princes Street, | 50 |
| XI. | Princes Street Promenade, | 64 |
| XII. | Castle to Holyrood, | 75 |
| XIII. | St. Giles' and its Environs, | 85 |
| XIV. | Parliament House, | 98 |
| XV. | Castle to Holyrood (*continued*), | 114 |
| XVI. | Holyrood and its Environs, | 128 |
| XVII. | Here and There, | 133 |
| XVIII. | Hither and Thither, | 150 |
| XIX. | Education, | 162 |
| XX. | Jaunts, | 174 |
| XXI. | The People, | 188 |
| XXII. | Still the People, | 198 |
| XXIII. | Classes and Masses, | 204 |

## Reflection

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| XXIV. | Reflection, | 212 |

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


(1) Parliament Hall, - - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*

(2) Old Bow Head Tenement, Lawnmarket, - *facing page* 6

(3) Mons Meg, - - - - - - - - - ,, 62

(4) View Eastwards from Castle, - - - ,, 80

(5) St. Giles' Cathedral, showing West Door, - ,, 92

(6) Allan's Close, High Street, - - - - ,, 116

(7) Bakehouse Close and Marquis of Huntly's House, - - - - - - - - - ,, 124

(8) Old Tolbooth, Canongate, - - - - ,, 126

(9) University Old Building, - - - - ,, 170

(10) The Castle from Grassmarket, - - - ,, 212

# Edinburgh of To-day

## I

### Introductory

Anticipatory thoughts

HAPPY is the person who finds in life pleasure in contemplating anticipated experiences, by weaving fancies, conjecturing possibilities, and building up theories based on imagination; happier often is the person who lets experience stop at anticipation, for it not seldom happens that realisation dispels the fancies which have been woven, the possibilities which have been conjectured, and the theories which have been built up. It depends on what anticipations have been cherished, whether he who holds them is to be satisfied with their realisation or otherwise. There are a great number of good reasons why a stranger should pay Scotland's capital a visit, and there are about as many good reasons why a stranger should not set foot in the capital. It all depends on what manner of person the stranger is, what he looks for, and his capacity to understand whether or not his object is recognisable when found. The sight-seeing visitor to a city or district whose time is limited invariably absorbs information concerning it from standard works of the guide-book class, formulating his ideas

Preconceived notions

before the actual inspection is made as to what his experiences will be. If these do not come up to his expectations he is disappointed, not only with the particular sights he has included in his inspection, but also with the whole city or district which he thinks he has investigated. Globe-trotting "on the rush" is, however, but a poor recreation at best, and, as one who has got about the world not a little, the writer ventures to express the opinion that when projecting a descent on a strange country or city, it is best to go at the enterprise with an open mind, with no preconceived notions as to what lies in store for one. Anticipations cannot thus be disappointed, while the visitor, being prepared to take things as he finds them, stands a better chance of "getting at the guts" of things in a strange locality than he does who comes primed with ready-made theories. As illustrative of the value of the open mind, the unfortunate experience of an English youth who was sent by his parents to spend a year in the city of Bordeaux to perfect himself in the French language may be instanced. The lad was placid enough on the trip out from Liverpool, until, when sailing up the Gironde, the spires of the city became visible. Then did he become alive with excitement. He went eagerly about the ship pointing out to people a certain spire in the distance which he was sure was that above the crypt St. Michel. "Where the mummies are, don't you know. Not really mummies,

but preserved bodies, with knives and daggers sticking in them and bullet holes all over them." Next day certain of the passengers met the youth coming from an inspection of the mummies. He was in a state of gloomy dejection, and complained bitterly about the way in which people had lied to him about Bordeaux. The mummies had disappointed him, for there were neither knives nor daggers sheathed in them, as he had been told, while as for the bullet holes, he was of opinion that these were the work of worms. That youth took little interest in Bordeaux from the outset, simply because his preconceived notions as to the mummies had been proved erroneous.

**A bitter disappointment**

While the open mind is advisable, it is expecting too much of visitors to the capital to imagine that they arrive without having considered what sort of experience lies before them; it is certain that, if they have not their daily and hourly itinerary figured out in black and white, some general idea is in their minds as to what awaits them; and it may be worth while considering for a space some anticipatory thoughts of strangers who have not primed themselves with much, or with any, guide-book lore, and also the thoughts and ideas, erroneous and otherwise, which have got abroad as to Modern Athens.

## II

### Romantic Ideas

"Scotch" is mongrel

THAT which is called "Scotch" differs very considerably from that which is yclept "Scots" or "Scottish," the first being mongrel, the latter national. For commercial purposes it has been found necessary to wink at the adjective "Scotch" being applied to such things as whisky, haggis, and broth, but because such articles are usually marketable only by being so labelled, it does not necessarily follow that they have a real national character or flavour about them. In Scotland the Sassenach is generally regarded as a poor, ignorant creature, and if in his benighted ignorance he chooses to use the word "Scotch" as descriptive of anything pertaining to the northern kingdom—well, that is just what may be expected from the inferiority of the education provided in the south.

In a country which, like Scotland, prides itself on the excellence of its educational advantages, it is passing strange to find that the authorities who are entrusted with the administration of education are content to carry on their operations under a mongrel designation, such as the "Scotch Education Department." Yet so it is, and with such a con-

trolling body at the head of affairs it is not surprising to find that the education provided for the young is in character thoroughly "Scotch," and that consequently the teaching of Scottish history receives little or no attention. On the contrary, the young Scottish children are taught the history of England somewhat thoroughly, and brats who know all about such an important item as that concerning King Alfred and the burnt scones, are generally ignorant as to the manner in which Sir William Wallace met his death. In the course of time, perhaps, the fact that Scotland has a history will be entirely suppressed by the "Scotch" educational experts, and as it is, their success in that direction speaks for itself, for very profound ignorance as to the past of the nation is the rule in the country and not the exception.

Scottish history ignored

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the romantic past of Edinburgh is as a sealed book to the majority of its inhabitants, and if some there be of its younger denizens who have dipped into the ancient lore of the country and capital, they have been bribed thereto by a society which has been formed to encourage a study of the works of Sir Walter Scott. That the formation of such a society should have been found necessary in the capital of Scotland may seem strange to outsiders, but the fact remains that spontaneous study of Scott's works is not expected of the young. Sir Walter Scott has been read

Relics of the past

in many lands and in several tongues, and an interest in the country of which he wrote has been aroused in all quarters of the globe. When those who have read of the past imagine that some day they are going to make personal acquaintance with a country whose traditions are so rich in romance, if they put too much stress on the past they are laying up materials for considerable disappointment. Where battles once were fought, coal pits and blast furnaces now blot the scenery. Where joust was held or wappinschaw, or where lovers plighted troth, the brewery or distillery now rears its stately head. For, you see, the hands of the clock must advance as years roll on, and while tradition and romance are very fine things in a way, Scotland cannot afford to turn herself into an antiquarian museum for the benefit of strangers. But this much may be said of Edinburgh, that there is not a town in the country which can boast of such an array of relics of an interesting past, and he who seeks to piece together a portion, or portions, of history with recognisable localities by way of scenery will find ample material to hand in Scotland's ancient capital.

It will not, however, do for strangers to imagine that the various ancient landmarks have, like Burns' cottage, been kept under a glass case for the benefit of tourists; and, if what was once the banqueting chamber of a noble of olden times be now discovered to serve as the dormitory of a

Old Bow Head Tenement, Lawnmarket
(now demolished)

licensed boarding-house for tramps, it should be borne in mind that a great portion of the real Old Town has, through the growth of the city, been set apart for the herding together of the dregs and scum of society in a locality where they are not likely to offend the æsthetic feelings of the high-toned citizens, and as the latter take no interest in landmarks of history, the dregs and scum have those articles to themselves. Probably they do not appreciate them as they ought to do.

Pearls before swine

## III

### Commercial Ideas

False impressions

The manufactures and products peculiar to a city or town are ofttimes apt to create impressions in the minds of strangers which are narrowed down to those manufactures and products to the exclusion of all else. Thus many people hold to the idea that Banbury is famous only in respect of the cakes which are there turned out, whereas it should be well known that the place is really important through harbouring a certain notorious old lady who rides on a white horse at, near, or about the cross of the town. Take Dublin, again. The common impression abroad is that Dublin is a place entirely given over to the production of stout, or "porther," as it is locally termed. This impression is distinctly erroneous, for the truth is that only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of the city are engaged in the brewing industry. The great majority of the people engage themselves in the consumption of the brewery products (Heaven knows where they get the money from), and further engage themselves in turning out salaried "pathriots." Perhaps more mischief than "porther" is brewed in Dublin. But erroneous

impressions are bound to be formed by the ignorant as to such matters, and if in certain parts of the world Edinburgh is regarded purely as the fountain-head of the pale ale industry, why, then, all the ignorant people of the world live outside Edinburgh, for, as for the inhabitants of that city, they make no boast of brewing or anything else which smacks of trade or traffic. Pale ale

In far-off tropic lands, where liquid refreshments go down arid throats with a hiss and a sizzle, the name of Edinburgh is called blessed, for a delightful species of pale ale is in the capital brewed specially to slocken the thirsts of dwellers in hot countries. The excellence of the brew and the comforting properties of the liquid are duly recognised and appreciated, and if a desire be engendered in simple, grateful minds to make acquaintance with the head-quarters of pale-aledom, that surely testifies to the admiration begotten of consumption of one of the capital's staple products. "Edinburgh is the place where the pale ale comes from, and some day I mean to go there and bathe in it at wholesale rates," is a not unnatural thought in the case of a man who pays one rupee, and often more, for a bottle of genuine thirst-quencher, though the chances are that on visiting the fountain-head not one drop of pale ale would pass his lips.

Although there are one or two flourishing industries besides brewing in the capital—such, for instance, as distilling, oatmeal milling, electric and

World-wide fame

hothouse engineering, map-making, paper-making, india-rubber manufacturing, and biscuit baking—these are not on such a grand scale as the production of beer; and as it is the last-named which has a world-wide fame, people at a distance, when forming commercial ideas as to Edinburgh, regard the city as one vast brewery, which gives to the world an excellent and highly esteemed article of commerce.

Time was when publishing was a flourishing industry in the capital, and the city was looked up to for producing all that was best in literature; in fact, the name of an Edinburgh publisher was regarded as the hall-mark of literary excellence; but, even at its best, a commercial or quasi-commercial industry, such as publishing, never received such a world-wide admiration as the brewery products have done, and as publishing has dwindled away concurrently with the growth of breweries, moralists can frame such morals to suit the circumstance as to them may seem proper. At the same time the fact is worth noting, that since publishing betook itself to the south the printing trade of Edinburgh has increased by leaps and bounds, and if one cares to look at the back of books produced in London the chances are that it will be found that Edinburgh printers have been entrusted with the putting in type of more or less immortal works. The printing trade, which at one time went hand-in-hand with literary enterprise, has always been a strong feature of Edinburgh, yet now, when that

trade is really as important as the producing of beer, it is the latter industry, and not the former, which strangers associate with the name of the capital. All of which is very sad, no doubt, but the potent influence of brother Bung is nowadays undeniable.

A potent influence

## IV

### Sporting Ideas

Intelligent Londoner

LONDON is the hub of the universe, and the intelligence of the natives of the metropolis is such that most of them are aware of the existence of a Scottish city, town, or village called "Edinboro'." The man in the street informs himself, by reading railway time-tables, that certain "Scotch" express trains have a terminus at the other end of the line called "Edinboro'," but he generally rests content with that information. If his intellect be given to brilliant conjuring of thoughts, he mentally classes that terminus as being, like the rest of Scotland, a hill or mountain peopled with hairy barbarians, who drape their persons in costumes such as he has seen on the music-hall stage, who affect red beards, devour haggis and pibrochs, and spend the rest of their time in drinking whisky, playing bagpipes, and giving utterance at intervals to the national sentiment, "Hoots, mon." The London man in the street is too pleased with himself and his city to think of forming an acquaintance with "Edinboro'" or Scotland, and he is quite satisfied with glimpses of Scottish life as depicted by Lambeth Highlanders in the music halls.

Followers of fashion

The man in the street does not, however, count for anything in London. The persons of real importance are those male creatures who entrench themselves behind monocles (lest they be suspected of having ideas) and who have horse-sense enough to know just when it becomes unfashionable to remain "in town" and when it becomes fashionable for society to remove itself to Scotland to engage in the slaughter of winged things. Certain of these intelligent persons are professional warriors, with a natural craving and aptitude to slay, some are high-toned members of the Stock Exchange with large ideas, some are titled wine-cadgers anxious to push trade in house parties, some are nothing, with corresponding incomes, while not a few are Government servants who suffer from insomnia between meals which necessitates health-recruiting in the north. These and such as these give the cue as to the fashions to bloated individuals, many of them Semitic types of English manly beauty, who now and then successfully float holes in the earth into gold-mining companies with magnificent names, or who conduct with profit "banking" concerns (which now require to be registered in terms of law), or who dabble in music halls, theatres, racecourses, and slum properties. It is the fine old English black- and blue-blooded, bloated financial aristocrat who takes the moor in Scotland for the benefit of the monocled heroes, and, a day or two before the 12th of

A junction

August in each year, train loads of gay "spawtsmen," not entirely without female encumbrances, career towards Edinburgh, where it is not uncommon for at least one night to be spent as an agreeable break in the journey. They have their dogs, their gun-cases, and paraphernalia carefully looked after by clean-shaven gentlemen's gentlemen, who, in third-class compartments, airily chat with one another about past seasons' "spawt" and the chances of this year's birds being strong on the wing, always using, like good retainers, the family word "we," which impresses commercial and other gents, who for economy are forced to travel third-class in the company of clean-shaven persons who own the earth. To Edinburgh the crowded trains proceed, and if a thought regarding the capital is to be found in the minds of any of the intrepid bird-assassins, it is merely that "Edinboro'" is a junction where one breaks the journey before proceeding further north. Those betaking themselves to the more southern moors do not require to come so far as the capital, and their brains are not taxed by having to devote a thought to it.

Golfers from the south are a numerous family, and they likewise regard Scotland's capital as being a junction where one changes for St. Andrews or North Berwick, and if, perchance, they do spend an hour or two in the town, their sojourn is forced on them through having to wait for

trains. Should they discover attractive features in the city during their wait, depend on it those features are golf club and ball emporiums, of which several of the highest class in the kingdom are to be found there. To suggest to the southern golf enthusiast that there are good links—and good players who use them—in the neighbourhood of the capital may astonish but will not interest him. He knows where the herds of his fellows are to be found, and nothing short of St. Andrews or North Berwick will satisfy him, even though he be the most wretched player living.

Indifferent golfers

Cricketers in the south know little about Edinburgh, or, indeed, Scotland, and it is a matter of difficulty to beguile crack elevens to come to the capital, for money must be put up for them, and the people of Edinburgh have no money to spare for cricket. A crowd of 3000 is regarded as a large "gate" for a first-class match, and it requires to be an attractive game at that, so that value be got for the entrance money. Edinburgh, being poor in gate supporters, has little attention bestowed on it by the cricketing sports of the south, who are not above calculating carefully the £ s. d. side of the game.

The Rugby and Association football men of England, Ireland, and Wales have, however, a wholesome respect for the capital, which, especially as regards the carrying code, has a reputation for turning out splendid exponents of the game,

**A nursery of Rugby**

and in Wales you have just to mention Edinburgh and you will learn that its excellence as a nursery for Rugby footballers is its main, in fact its only, feature.

If brass-bandism counts as a sport, it may be said here that the tournaments which from time to time are held in the capital for blasters on brazen instruments stamp the city as being the abiding place of much sweet music in the minds of Lancashire miners, who are keen followers of the pastime.

As for the gentle automobilist who cautiously, according to the habit of his kind, plods on his way north or south, when he allows his mind to wander for a moment from contemplation of the legal speed limit and to bestow a thought on Edinburgh, he merely thinks of it as being a handy place for procuring a green tank or two of Parma violets to keep his engines going.

The preponderating idea as to Edinburgh in the minds of the majority of sporting aliens is that it serves as a species of junction instituted for their convenience.

## V

### Glasgow Ideas

The "Second City"

The fact that Glasgow is "the Second City of the Empire" is never lost sight of by the go-ahead inhabitants of the western metropolis, who understand that the importance of cities must be measured according to population, assessable rental, and prosperity as represented by the influx of pounds, shillings, and pence. As a pattern municipality Glasgow is not backward in inviting people to believe that decided advantages are to be gained by following her lead, yet, all the same, she suffers without complaining publicly from a thorn in her side which causes ever-increasing torture, and that thorn is the rapid growth of drunkenness, crime, and lawlessness, notwithstanding the earnest efforts towards social improvement made municipally and privately.

There are different ways in which the importance of a city may be reckoned, and some people might regard the wealth of criminal statistics affecting Glasgow as making her worthy of the appellation, "Second City of the Empire." Other people, viewing her dearth of scenic and architectural beauties, might readily believe that she humbly places herself next to Edinburgh as a beauty spot, a most

**Glasgow jealousy**

unwarranted assumption on her part, for the Empire has many more beautiful cities than Glasgow. Different people may have different ideas as to why Glaswegians are so particular in having it made publicly known that their city is "the Second City of the Empire," but the real reason for their so doing is that they feel it to be an injustice that commercial and financial greatness such as theirs has not been recognised by having Glasgow made the capital of Scotland in place of unimportant Edinburgh, which, at best, is but a poverty-stricken place, commercially and financially.

The Glaswegian is justly proud of his city (leaving out of account the thorn in the side aforesaid), and the perfervid patriotic feelings which inspire him to utter the "Second City" boast are really the outcome of rankling thoughts engendered by brooding over the melancholy fact that in Scotland Edinburgh holds pride of place as being the capital with (in his eyes) no worthy claim to the title. His boast may be likened to the vaunt of a hulking schoolboy who shakes his fist under the nose of a studious classmate, with the remark, "You little rat, you may be master's favourite and top scholar in this class, but I am second-best fighter in the whole school; and don't you forget it."

The important position held by Glasgow among the great cities of the world is due to the labours of its inhabitants, whose aptitude and willingness to undertake the strenuous life amid gloomy

surroundings have made the city no abiding place for shiftless triflers, and, indeed, no triflers of any sort would find Glasgow a desirable place wherein to pass their time, for there even the thieves live strenuously, the thugs and daylight robbers mope when trade is dull, while the numerous loafers do not trifle with the unemployed question, but make an active parade of their love of idleness at the Cross, where they are pleased to congregate. People who succeed in Glasgow are not those who have been hampered in their undertakings by owning blue-blooded pedigrees, for with them it is of more importance to have shrewd intelligence, keen wits, and strong arms than to trust to an illustrious ancestry (real or imaginary) to help them through; and a gentleman would be more highly thought of in the west who would take off his coat and bear a hand in righting a capsized wagon, than he who would send a menial from his house to inquire what the devil all the stir was about.

**The strenuous life**

The western magnate has become a magnate because he has had no time to worry over his family's past importance (if his family ever had any), and while with a scornful eye he regards the life led by the refined human heirlooms of the east, this does not prevent him from indulgently aiding and abetting his sons to join their ranks in the hope of improving their education, their manners, their accent, and even their social status. Level-headed people recognise that commercial

**A sneaking admiration**

prosperity does not represent the sum total of the important things of life, and while jealousy is harboured in the west as to their own prosperous city having to play second fiddle in claiming the title of "capital," there is, after all, a sneaking admiration for the manner in which Edinburgh, without effort, contrives to have importance thrust upon her.

The terse old saying about Edinburgh—"Peasemeal and pianos"—still holds good in the west, and for the benefit of ignorant strangers that saying ought to be explained. In Scotland peasemeal represents the humblest and cheapest article of diet procurable, and it was an old belief entertained by plain, matter-of-fact Glaswegians that the super-refined inhabitants of the capital had but one aim in life, viz., to present a genteel front to the world, and in their eyes the one emblem of gentility was a "pie-yanna," to possess which article comfort was sacrificed by resorting to a cheap and nauseous, though nourishing, food such as peasemeal. The alliterative taunt was, and still is, well deserved (although peasemeal has certain substitutes), but in some instances those who have uttered the taunt have done so in bitterness of spirit caused by the knowledge that, although commercial success has enabled them to purchase pianofortes galore to add tone to magnificent drawing-rooms, no members of the family can make use of the instruments, even to the extent of musically rendering "The Maiden's Prayer." But

for the Glasgow man's consideration it might here be suggested that, as pianofortes can now be had dirt cheap, it might be as well to bestow a more up-to-date taunt on the inhabitants of the capital, where pretensions to style are now represented by automobiles, and an alliterative gibe, such as "Mussels and motors," would not be out of place, especially having in view the fact that edible molluscs can be freely gathered on the foreshore within burgh bounds. "Mussels and motors"

Intercourse between the two cities is now becoming more common than it was—thanks to education, resort to law, football, and athletics, but, still, socially, the average Glaswegian prefers to remain what he thinks himself to be, a plain but comfortably living inferior creature compared with his half-starved, punctilious, frost-bitten brother of the east, and he thanks his stars that his visits to the capital are not compulsory, and that the natural life, as understood by him, free from starch and starvation, is his so long as he keeps in touch with his own beloved city. He imagines, and not without cause, that the superior beings who inhabit the capital look down on him as being a creature deficient in polish, albeit he knows that his prosperity is regarded with much envy, and, being conscious of his own power and importance in the world, he feels aggrieved that a race of people regarded by him as being shiftless and only half-alive should be allowed to tilt their noses at him.

## VI

### Rustic Ideas

**The English rustic**

THERE are certain rural districts in the British Isles where the name of Edinburgh is entirely unknown, but it is pretty certain that these are situate outside Scotland. The English rustic, or "Chawbacon," is too intent on considering the food he has eaten, is eating, or is about to eat, the ale he has drunken, is drinking, or hopes to drink, or otherwise is too busily occupied in reverencing the squire of his district and discussing the doings of the squire's family to devote consideration to matters geographical, even though the wholesale exodus of emigrants from his neighbourhood to the colonies stirs up vague feelings in his mind that there are places and towns beyond his narrow horizon. However, as all that lies beyond that horizon suggests to his simple mind the vast unknown, he is content to leave exploration to such casual tramps and occasional commercial travellers as come his way, these people representing a life of unrest which is unconstitutional and against nature, and so Edinburgh is unknown to the English rustic.

The Irish peasant, again, while he displays an active intelligence in all that concerns the consump-

The Irish rustic

tion of the beverages of his country, with or without the frugal fare which spasmodic industry can furnish forth, takes more interest in the world at large than does his despised English equivalent, and he does so the more readily through having no local squire to worship, or, having one, through declining to see that worship is called for on his part. The depopulation of Ireland is due, in a measure, to the lack of capital in the country, and it is also due, in a measure, to the Irish peasant's propensity to stand in his own light, for many a worthy man who will work like a nigger when employed by another, when left to his own resources will let things drift until ruin arrives, and that propensity to altruism explains how all the successful Irishmen are to be found outside Erin's green isle.

The harvesting and potato-lifting in certain parts of the country are regarded as secondary matters when compared with similar operations in hateful England and mercenary Scotland, and hence the destinies of many Irish families depend on the crops of those alien countries. Mechanical reapers and binders have of late years done much to minimise manual labour in the fields, but the frequent rains about harvest time are apt to lay grain crops low, and the earnest peasant from Ireland with his "huk" still goes about from district to district earning enough to meet a rent—which he sometimes does pay—and leave enough over to make work for the rest of the year unneces-

Hibernian labour

sary. Glasgow is well known to the harvesters from Erin, being, of course, their port of disembarkation, and being also a city with a large contingent of Irish residents, who, when they can write, sing its praises to their friends at home. Edinburgh is also, but in a lesser degree, a place with which they are acquainted, and it is notable as being within easy reach of first-class agricultural districts where honest Hibernian labour is welcome; and a feature of the capital which is much appreciated by the poor exiles is that lodging-houses, as distinguished from vast and awe-inspiring "models," are numerous and readily to be found. Being by nature prodigal, it is yet a curious feature about these Irish harvesters that when earning money in Scotland or England they grudge every farthing which has to be spent, and when residence for a night or two in Edinburgh is found necessary, it is thought rather an advantage than otherwise that the capital is a place poor in distractions on which money might be spent unnecessarily.

The Scottish rustic, unlike his Glasgow friends, regards the capital with much pride as being a national institution, and a visit thereto now and then is thought to be well worth the expense, for in rural parts Edinburgh is understood to be a gay place peopled with gay dogs, whose life is the life of the fashionable world, against whose allurements fearful ministers have issued warnings. The cost

of a day-excursion ticket is not grudged when, in return for the expenditure, there may be enjoyed a few hours of ultra-fashionable life, with its attendant dissipations, not to speak of the knowledge that polish in manners and accent is a desirable thing to cultivate. A gay, a wickedly gay place is Edinburgh in the minds of simple rustics, and with guilty, yet delightful, feelings of anticipation they invest their money in excursion tickets which permit the bearers to have not less than four hours' delirious exhilaration in the capital. They don't just know wherein their rakishness lies, but they are confident that for a few hours they are leading rakes' lives; they do the round of the waxworks and the High Street public-houses with considerable *abandon;* and, if time permits, they roguishly do a turn up and down Princes Street, having a deuce of a time rubbing shoulders with resident rakes who do not understand the rule of the road to mean "keep to the left."

A wickedly gay place

Certain serious-minded rustics (who hail from Banff, as a rule) when visiting Edinburgh pay their tuppences in cold blood and mount to the top of the Scott Monument, from whose summit they count the number of windows in the Royal Hotel and the number of sheets of glass in those windows—this in view of future discussions with fellow-tourists when the dear home-land is reached. Descending again to earth they check their calculation of the number of steps made when mount-

**The Lanarkshire miner**

ing, and make a note of the verified total, also for future reference. Parliamentary statistics (which cannot lie) were probably the invention of a Banff man.

There is a type of visitor to Edinburgh who is in the unhappy position of being unable to say whether he can be classed as a rural or urban product, and that is the Lanarkshire miner. He is located geographically near to Glasgow, and he shares the Glasgow ideas as to the capital being too high-toned for everyday use, but his location being in the non-populous regions, which by rights ought to count as "the country," he has the rustic's simple admiration for a city of sinful delights, such as Edinburgh is supposed to be. He compromises when visiting the capital. He is willing to proclaim himself Glasgow by carrying his thirst for strong drink along with him, without reserve, but he does not stop there, for he also believes himself entitled to play and dress the part of a reveller from rural parts, and thus his outfit consists of (*a*) one large thirst, (*b*) one "skeppit bunnet" with a silken tuft on the crown, (*c*) a muffler of tartan or salmon colour, (*d*) a coat of brilliant tweed, cut as a compromise between morning and evening, and (*e*) bell-mouthers of a delicate mauve or heliotrope, which he understands are much admired by Princes Street promenaders, otherwise they would not smile so pleasantly on him. They appreciate the fashions in Princes

Street he well knows, and he gives himself airs on his superior knowledge of sartorial matters when he returns to his village or "street." Daring and rakish though he knows himself to be, he nevertheless leaves his melodeon at home when visiting Edinburgh, and as he is not so particular when giving Glasgow a treat, his respect for high-toned Edinburgh is thus apparent. The respectful visitor

It may seem strange to talk in one breath of religion and battle, but there are at the present day scattered over the wilds of the north worthy and very pious persons who have come to regard the capital as a battleground where their fights with rival factions, religious or alleged to be so, receive every encouragement. The headquarters of law and the Commissioners for allocating certain church properties following on a recent decision of an ecclesiastical lawsuit being situated in Edinburgh, the worthy and pious persons aforesaid turn their grim visages towards the capital, some with feelings of satisfaction, and others with feelings the reverse, and if (which is doubtful) any of them regret that in the course of a famous, and even a notorious, dispute the noble sentiment, "Let brotherly love prevail," has been overlooked, the blame will most surely be laid by them at the door of poor Auld Reekie, where the ecclesiastical heads and the men of law have borne the brunt of the fray.

## VII

### Educational Ideas

A centre of learning

EDUCATION is a matter on which Edinburgh particularly prides herself, and her fame as a centre of learning is world-wide. In the preceding chapter the altruism of the Irish peasant was referred to, and in education the people of the capital may be said to be gifted with a similar virtue, for, while humbly abstaining from over-educating themselves, they bestir themselves nobly to provide facilities for advancement in life for outsiders who come from all parts of the kingdom and from every quarter of the globe, civilised and savage. Acquaintance with the monuments and statues of the city may not exactly count as a branch of education, but the ignorance of the citizens of the capital as to such concerns is well known, and their attitude towards education may be classed as somewhat similar, for, while they put up monuments and statues innumerable, they do not expect to be asked to keep up a nodding acquaintance with them; they leave that to visitors who have the money to invest in guide-books and the time to waste in reading them. And so is it with the educational facilities provided in the capital, which

are more appreciated by outsiders than by the inhabitants themselves, with the exception always of those landladies who "do" for young gentlemen attending the University.

The "lad o' pairts"

There was a time when the "lad o' pairts" in Scottish villages was an important young person, whose abilities as a scholar marked him out for a career a cut or two above that of his humble shop-keeping, farming, or even labouring father, and no sacrifices would be thought too great by parents which would assist a promising youth to carve his way to fortune by continuing and completing his studies in Edinburgh. The struggles and hard-ships undergone by Scottish students from the country have been told and written of by men risen to eminence who have spoken from personal ex-perience, but the success in life which has rewarded the strivings of earnest men of exceptional merit has sometimes proved harmful in the case of ambitious young persons, their parents and school-masters, they being unduly enthusiastic in recog-nition of what has appeared to be merit, and this has led to the harbouring of the erroneous idea that a reasonably bright youth from a village school is bound to go up to the capital where failures in life are unknown. The failures of rustic students who have been sent up to take Edinburgh by storm have not been deemed worthy of the attention of biographers, and yet many of such failures there have been, and will yet be.

Human phonographs

Modern education is against turning out the good all-round scholars of a past generation, and "cramming" for bursary examinations, while an excellent institution for putting free education within the reach of human phonographs, rustic and urban, is all against the maintenance of the traditions of the Scottish student of a bygone age. The truth is that the spread of education in rural districts has led to the "lad-o'-pairts" business being overdone, and whereas in former days the eminent medicine man, divine, or lawyer sprung from the people had to come through a battle with poverty to acquire even the rudiments of learning, his modern equivalent has a path to fame and affluence made for him, if not exactly easy, at all events more readily available than was formerly the case. The modern "lad o' pairts" has consequently so many cultured rivals to contend with that we often find him content to hold his cravings for fame and distinction as satisfied with the position of teacher, law clerk, newspaper reporter, Civil Service clerk, or druggist's assistant.

The school and college bursary system which is strongly in evidence in Edinburgh causes that city to be regarded by many country youths of average intelligence and ability as a loophole for their escape from a life of rustic monotony and drudgery, and education has a good deal to do with rural depopulation, though it is perhaps well for Edinburgh that fresh blood is available, for those of

her own sons who achieve academic distinction have the wisdom to seek to put their powers to practical use beyond the narrow confines of their city, while the successful rustic product seems content to stand or fall by what the capital may offer in the way of a career. Thus do we find that what are called "the learned professions" are in Edinburgh peopled with persons who betray the counties of their origin by their accents, which are not always pleasing to the æsthetic ear.

**The learned professions**

It would be unkind to suggest that the eagerness with which the free educational facilities offered in Edinburgh are taken advantage of by country-bred young people is prompted by greed on the principle of "spoiling the Egyptians," but this much is certain, that many young men and women would be well advised to under, rather than over, estimate the genius which they believe themselves to be blessed with, for when they find that Edinburgh is overstocked with representatives of genius from rural parts their pride too often stands in the way of their owning themselves beaten, and hence a life of drudgery in the city becomes their lot, in place of a life of drudgery under more natural conditions at home. When an M.A. (with or without a schoolmaster's diploma) accepts, without being unduly pressed, an invitation to spend his vacation at the abode of his dullard brother who has remained at home and has inherited the butchery, bakery, piggery, or farm of his father,

Copy-book advice

it is humiliating for him to find that the boor regards him with a patronising air as being one of life's failures, and the prosperous aspect of the butchery, bakery, piggery, or farm is apt to engender regrets for lost opportunities in the breast of the very intellectual M.A. (with or without a schoolmaster's diploma) who follows a life of unremunerative drudgery in the city. Advice of the copy-book heading order is too often accepted literally by the young, and so long as Edinburgh holds out the allurements of advancement in life by means of free scholastic and University education, she will continue to be regarded by more or less bright rustic minds as the stepping-stone to prosperity and fame.

In a broader sense the capital has repute as a city rich in educational equipment, whose doors are thrown wide to welcome seekers of learning from all parts of the earth, irrespective of race, colour, religion, or class, and appreciation of the worth of the Edinburgh school and college curriculum is shown by the cosmopolitan character of the strangers within the gates who have become temporary citizens of the capital, where "instruction's warning voice" may be hearkened to. The excellence of the medical teaching and training of Edinburgh is especially recognised, not only by natives of the several countries composing the British Isles, but also in far-off colonies and dependencies of Britain and in foreign countries is that excellence admitted, with the result that the

many embryo medical practitioners of both sexes and of all shades of colour who make the capital their temporary home could, if they saw fit, furnish forth a very respectable linguistic representation of the Tower of Babel. The colonial element is, and for long has been, particularly strong, so much so that self-supporting clubs or unions of representatives of Australasia, South Africa, and India are institutions of considerable importance in University life. Scattered all the world over, Edinburgh graduates are to be found, and when, as often happens, they are appealed to for advice by parents anxious to decide on a professional career, medical or otherwise, for their offspring, that advice when given bears fitting tribute to the merits of Edinburgh as a very desirable place for young persons to prosecute their studies both at school and college.

A Tower of Babel

In educational minds Edinburgh is regarded as a big school, and, like all schools, it is most appreciated from afar. Nevertheless, although it is regarded by young persons, in advance, as being a place of austerity, cheerless, and far from home, experience provides the agreeable surprise that it is not so bad as fancy painted it, and nobody on earth has a kindlier feeling for the capital (natives not excepted) than the departing or departed Colonial or foreigner who has within its walls spent a few years profitably or unprofitably acquiring wisdom or learning, or a combination of both.

## VIII

### General Notions

**Fleeting interest**

Edinburgh and the citizens thereof are regarded by the inhabitants of the capital of Scotland as being of an importance in the world greater than outsiders are disposed to grant, and, in spite of the belief entertained locally that there is a general focussing of the world's eyes on the city, the truth is that outside its boundaries such interest as is taken in it is more of a casual and fleeting order than a sustained one. A varied selection of the ideas entertained by outsiders has already been given in the preceding chapters, and one or two others we may shortly notice before plunging *in medias res*.

The American tourists who yearly descend on the capital in large numbers get up for the purpose of their visit all the information they require from red-covered guide-books, and they are content when the terms of the round-trip contract ticket are fulfilled to the letter by their being rushed from sight to sight with breathing intervals now and then sufficient to permit of the ticking-off in pencil of the items included in their guide-book list of monuments, tombs, palaces, and what not. Edinburgh

is to them a place included in the contract route to the Trossachs or the Scott country. It is also a place which has lent itself to the compilation of much guide-book matter, including lists of articles which have to be ticked-off in pencil. Mary Queen of Scots lived there, of course, and the haberdashery shops have attractive lines in tartan goods, while the use of the camera in public places is unrestricted by law. The anticipations of the American tourist concerning a visit to Edinburgh are, naturally, of a delightful nature, and when (which is not often) during the visit time permits to personally check the guide-book-given heights of buildings in yards, feet, and inches, it is satisfactory to know that a mistake in figures on the part of the United States guide-book compiler is made a matter of much spirited discussion among those who have discovered the error.

Guide-book pencillers

Being situate on the eastern seaboard, intercourse between Edinburgh and the continent of Europe has always been considerable, and the friendly relations existing between the city, on the one hand, and France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland on the other, have led to much interchange of visits, the balance, if anything, being in favour of the foreigners. Edinburgh and Leith between them can boast of a large population of naturalised aliens, and as it is now difficult to define what constitutes an Edinburgh citizen through the constant importation of fresh

**Naturalised aliens**

recruits from our Scottish counties, who bring with them their local customs, prejudices, and always their accents, the settlers from further afield find that their advent is not in any way regarded as an intrusion, and speedily do they make themselves at home as very worthy citizens. Being appreciated by these settlers, Edinburgh attracts as visitors their friends, and yet, again, their friends' friends, and consequently a very fair number of people from the Continent during the year make temporary sojourn in the capital, and, having been duly warned against the terrors of the east wind, we find them in the warmest weather going about sartorially protected against chills. It is an evil reputation to have as being the breeding place of chills, and, unhappily, Edinburgh has that reputation in foreign minds, but although anticipations of a visit to the city have taken into account the dangers to be encountered, stout hearts and lungs encased in Arctic underclothing and in paletots of cloth impermeable carry their intrepid owners safely through a sojourn in Edinburgh.

Perhaps the most pleasurable anticipations of a visit to the capital are those entertained by *chevaliers d'industrie*, the chronicles of whose adventures contain many alluring suggestions as to the people of Edinburgh being more approachable by persons of seeming affluence than is looked for in most cities. Such anticipations are invariably proven to have been worthily conceived, and as

comparatively few of the exploits of those industrious persons who regard the world as their oyster are made public, the fancies woven by those who point their oyster-knives towards Edinburgh continue to be of an agreeable nature. Agreeable fancies

The humbler exponents of shifty and shiftless methods of living are, like their superiors, given to cherishing warm feelings towards the capital, which, if they have not yet investigated it, they have no intention of leaving free from a visitation, and the result is that, having regard to the city's population of reasonably honest citizens, the number of tramps, mendicants, unmusical "mumpers," begging-letter impostors, professionally unemployed persons, and such like gentry who infest the capital is abnormally large. And yet Edinburgh is a poverty-stricken place.

The bewildered reader from outside is doubtless by now wondering what on earth is the correct attitude to assume when conjecturing what anticipations ought to be formed by a person who approaches Edinburgh in a friendly inquiring spirit. A non-committal attitude may be recommended as the best, but the following condensed reiteration of the notions contained in the preceding chapters may be of assistance to the stranger, who *must* have anticipations:—

1. The person who, in this hustling age can afford to cultivate, or pretend to cultivate, a romantic interest in a city whose old-time inhabi-

A venerable city

tants did much in the way of building history, anticipates with pleasure an inspection of a venerable city whose aspect is bound to speak of stormy and troublous times of which historians have written. The antiquary and the "howking" archæologist in advance claim the city as a proper hunting ground preserved for their particular gratification.

2. The energetic *voyageur de commerce*, anxious to push a special line in lemonade wire, has his anticipations of success in Edinburgh tinged with doubt, having in view the city's enormous output of ale, which speaks in favour of the inhabitants being devoted to the beer cult to the exclusion of foreign effervescing drinks. The more hopeful drummer of many lines, unacquainted with the capital, confidently anticipates the transaction of much profitable business, basing his calculations on the fact that the city boasts of 341,240 inhabitants.

3. The hardy game dealer from the south, with his small artillery, his non-paying guests, his man-servants and his maid-servants, anticipates his visit to the capital by ordering a bedroom to be aired for him in a railway hotel (the bed to have all suspicion of chills carefully removed), and a dinner conform to specification forwarded in advance. He knows that station hotels are so situated as to make it unnecessary for him to mingle with the semi-barbarous inhabitants of the city by venturing beyond the station precincts, so

his anticipations of a visit to the capital are entirely comfortable—assuming always that his bespoke dinner is in capable hands. Footballers and athletes are confident in their anticipations when they look forward to meeting in the capital competitors who play the game as true sports. The golfer refrains from anticipations, believing that trains to his particular Mecca are regular and frequent from Edinburgh. The motorist has no time to formulate anticipations. He is a fatalist, and believes that if he is to be a subject of pit and gallows it is immaterial in what city his introduction to such articles takes place. True sportsmen

4. In the mind of the Glaswegian anticipations of a visit to, or a sojourn in, Edinburgh are not entirely comfortable. For one thing, he fears that Christian food and drink as known to him are not easily procurable in a city where such things are of secondary consideration. And, in the second place, he believes that his accent—the accent of the switchback—will harmonise ill with the jargon of persons who use (he understands) Latin, Greek, French, and Eye-talian languages in ordinary conversation. Further, he anticipates being ill at ease among people who, although insufficiently nourished, make it their business to act up to a standard of life as depicted in penny novelettes and waxwork tableaux, and he mentally attaches great importance to the return half of the Glasgow-to-Edinburgh ticket which he is going to buy.

Libertines and robbers

5. The innocent bucolic person appreciates Edinburgh in advance with an appreciation far in excess of the city's merits as a place of gaiety and fast life, infested with libertines and robbers, no doubt, but very agreeable ones withal. Or otherwise, he, being of an uncomfortably sober mind, looks forward to seeing "grave and reverend signiors" paraded before his eyes like horses at a market, signiors who are prepared when necessary to battle fiercely and with learned venom when his own particular ideas concerning religion, politics, or legal rights are being controverted.

6. The intending or aspiring young student from afar anticipates a sojourn in the capital with feelings akin to awe, conjuring up visions of a dull grey city wholly given over to the manufacture of bursars, graduates, doctors, ministers, lawyers, who are all of them as priggish as the young student from afar feels sure they ought to be—a city of gloom and learning controlled by prigs of solemn visage engaged solely in the scholastic or professional lines of business, and each and all of them embued with a bitter hatred against young students from afar.

The anticipations of the American tourist we have just recently considered, and these suggest as his equipment for a visit to the capital (*a*) one round-trip contract ticket, (*b*) one red-covered guide-book, (*c*) one lead pencil, (*d*) one measuring tape, or, failing such, a mind trained to calculate the height

of buildings, and (*e*) one well-filled purse as munition of war for haggling battles over the price of Scottish tartan fabrics and national jewellery. **Anticipatory provisions**

We have also just considered the dread anticipations of the European foreigner concerning the chances of contracting a chill by dwelling in the home of the east wind. Arctic underclothing and warm paletots are the anticipatory provisions for a visit to Edinburgh.

As for the *chevaliers d'industrie* and their various humble disciples, we need not concern ourselves. They are represented always in the capital, and ought, perhaps, to be classed as permanent residents, and not as outsiders.

So, now, gentle strangers, you are at liberty to frame your anticipations of a descent on the capital of Scotland on any of the lines suggested in the varied selection just given, and there is no reason why the experience of being disappointed in your estimate of Edinburgh should prove a grievance.

## IX

### First Impressions

**A doubtful compliment**

A WELL-MEANING individual, wishing to pay Glasgow a compliment, once declared in a public place that what pleased him more than anything else about the city was the excellence of the service of trains and steamboats whereby one might readily get out of it. To judge a city by the standard of excellence of the means of exit therefrom may appeal to some people as a proper mode of gauging that city's worth, yet, when compliments on this head are being expressed, it is really the railway and steamship companies who are being complimented, and Edinburgh is in the happy position of being so situated that the compliment should be reversed in her case. As catering for travel to the city from places outside receives more attention than does the provision made for leaving it behind, let the compliment be paid to the capital by saying that a pleasing feature about it is the excellence of the service of trains and steamships whereby one may readily reach it.

To get the most favourable first sight of the city on arrival one ought to approach it by sea. From the Firth of Forth the view

An enchanting view

presented of Edinburgh, built on a slope which terminates on a ridge high above sea-level, with spires, domes, and what the eye can discern to be noble buildings showing themselves against the sky and against a background of hills, is a view which will make the stranger at once pleased with himself and with those whose advice has led him to seek out Scotland's capital as an object of interest. The view presents much of what is the work of man, it is true, yet natural features there are which blend agreeably with that work, and the lion-like hill (some call it mountain) known as Arthur's Seat, to the east, the lofty Castle rock in the centre, and the Braid and Pentland Hills to the west and south-west, are found to be in harmony with the plan on which the city has been laid out, and even the Calton Hill, on the seaward side of Arthur's Seat, looks well from the Forth, with the incomprehensible Nelson's Pillar, or Monument, and still more incomprehensible array of Grecian Doric columns, known as the National Monument, which stand silhouetted on its summit. From the deck of a ship in the roads, given a fairly clear day, the prospect of the city on the hills is magnificent, but on a clear night, with the moon in the heavens, there is a view presented to the eye which is of such an enchanting nature that even the most discontented passenger grumbling about the loss of the tide, which keeps the ship out in the roads, will admit that to behold it goes far to alleviate his misery

Approach by rail

and discontent, and it is well known that a steamship passenger with a grievance is an implacable and inconsolable creature.

Everybody does not admire transit by sea, however, and those who have not been born lucky will make their first acquaintance with Edinburgh on entering it by rail from the east or from the west, no matter from what point of the compass they have set out. Though one may come from the north or the south, the actual approach to the city must be from the east or west, and, like the approaches to most cities, the outskirts present themselves to the eye in an unfavourable light. It is understood that Edinburgh is not a manufacturing town, still, when one arrives by train within sight of it, there are features which present a suggestion of considerable industry. Coming from the east, the stalks of brick, bottle, and pottery works prepare the eye for the succeeding factories, engineering works, breweries, and yet more breweries, gasworks, and cheap tenement houses of exceeding great dinginess which line the approach to the city; and although Arthur's Seat, with its crags and hillocks, and Holyrood Palace, lying at its base, are to be observed, the Abbeyhill district and the dismal valley of Low Calton have to be traversed ere Waverley Station is reached, and the aspect is sufficiently forbidding to prevent enthusiasm as to scenic beauty being conjured up. The sight of the noble castellated edifice to the right, built on

the beetling crag just outside the station, may cheer up the stranger a little, but when it is discovered that the edifice is not really Edinburgh's romantic Castle, as its appearance suggests, but is instead the Calton Jail, a spirit of disappointment, and even dejection, is natural. A disappointment

The eastern approach is depressing, owing to the congestion of the industrial and populous district which lies in the valley. The approach from the west is a little more pleasing—in the meantime—because the factories, distilleries, breweries, and mills which are passed are widely scattered (though year by year they are coming closer together), the outskirts on the western side being on a broad, level plain, and in a few years' time an entry to the city from this direction will most likely be more depressing than from the other, having in view the tendency to extend the city westward, where available space is more readily procurable than in the other direction. According to the law of gravitation, the larger body attracts the less, and in matters commercial, Edinburgh follows the law, for towards Glasgow, that prosperous commercial and manufacturing centre in the west, industrial Edinburgh is pushing out tentacles. The new market place, now being erected, where business in dumb animals is to be transacted, and also the municipal shambles, where animals are to be converted into food for non-vegetarians, represent recent tentacles of the city

A fortunate situation

which spread westward, while in proximity to these institutions, a college for training veterinary students to doctor animals and to keep them in good health in order that they may be slain will shortly be opened. Although it is but a temporary institution, it may be mentioned that the Exhibition of 1908 is situated in the western outskirts of the city, and as in Scotland the further west you go the greater are the signs of prosperity to be found, success ought to attend the enterprise of the Exhibition promoters if *locus* counts for anything.

The visitor landing from a steamship at Leith in the course of the drive towards Edinburgh will be struck with the signs of steady traffic between the docks and the city. The situation of Edinburgh within three miles of the sea has ever been regarded as advantageous from a commercial as well as a health point of view, and that broad thoroughfare known as "Leith Walk," which is the highway citywards, if it does not present a scene of beauteous aspect, does yet bear testimony to the existence of much trade both in the capital and in the seaport of the capital, which latter Leith really is, though it pleases the people of the maritime burgh to maintain their individuality by keeping municipally apart from their overbearing neighbour.

The mind attuned to mercantile traffickings will, without doubt, find much of interest in the approach to the capital by the sea, and also in the approaches

thereto by rail from east and west, and as mercantile traffickings are the things which really count in a prosaic age, Edinburgh, if she likes, can point with pride to signs of commercial importance greater than that with which the world credits her. Commercial importance

The mind attuned to evading suggestions of mercantile traffickings will find more pleasure in the actual arrival in the city than in the approach thereto, and the first sight of Princes Street will dispel all dismal forebodings which have been conjured up by the aspect of the fringes of the city.

One of the sights of the world is Princes Street, and the visitor who, on getting the first glimpse of it (under favourable weather conditions, of course), cannot appreciate its beauty deserves to be deported furth of the capital as an undesirable alien. Let it be taken for granted that admiration is expected of a stranger who sees Princes Street for the first time. Having got over the first pleasurable thrills, the new-comer observes with interest that the street is something more than a show place, as the busy vehicular traffic testifies, and, if the stranger is a person used to large cities, it will occur to his mind that the vehicular traffic of Princes Street is different both in its character and its regulation from any other principal street in the world. On the assumption that the antediluvian cable car system has not obliged by presenting to the stranger's gaze an

A source of worry

elaborate breakdown display of stationary rolling stock, the inquiring eye of the visitor will note that the system is a source of constant worry to uniformed officials, who, as they lie on the ground peering into the bowels of the earth through the cable slot, present the appearance of ventriloquists engaged in conversation with imaginary persons underground. Contrasted with the earnest attitude of these worthy men, the stolid demeanour of the policemen on point duty where side streets debouche is bound to be taken notice of, and at certain points the stranger will be satisfied that traffic is not regulated in Edinburgh as in other cities, simply because the demeanour of the point-duty constable is stolid. Beware, gentle stranger, of crossing Princes Street. It is more dangerous than crossing the Strand of London or the Broadway of New York, and there are several reasons to explain this circumstance. In the first place, the traffic, though considerable, is scarcely sufficient to warrant "hold ups." In the second place, Princes Street, though reasonably broad, is entered abruptly from side streets running at right angles which have not counterparts or continuations on the other side. In the third place, the regulation of street traffic in Edinburgh—and more particularly in Princes Street—is a neglected art. And in the fourth place, to be a pedestrian given to crossing streets in Edinburgh is to be a low person unworthy of consideration. Being thus duly

warned, it is to be hoped the stranger will not spend the first night of his sojourn in the capital in the mortuary. It is in Princes Street that the more important hotels of the city are to be found, and with the excellent choice at one's disposal a comfortable resting-place can be depended on at rates which are adapted to all pockets, for competition in the hotel business is now so keen that ideas as to Scottish hotelkeepers' rapacities are out of date so far as Edinburgh is concerned. Princes Street is going to have a chapter to itself.

The great hotels

## X

### Princes Street

**An old main thoroughfare**

While the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate represent what was the leading thoroughfare in Edinburgh of the past, forming a passageway or causeway between the Castle and Holyrood Palace, such glory as still attaches to that thoroughfare is that associated with a bygone and more romantic period. The district is now a squalid one, and strangers are not expected to class it as the leading thoroughfare of to-day. Princes Street it is which claims pride of place in Modern Athens, and not only claims that, but also puts forward a strong claim to be ranked as the most beautiful thoroughfare in the whole world. To understand Edinburgh of to-day the stranger must make the starting point of his education that noble thoroughfare, which is neither a boulevard, an esplanade, nor a main artery of city traffic, but is really a combination of the three. However elaborately and artistically laid out a pretentious street in a great city may be, artificiality is bound to rule, unless when Nature untampered with can be blended harmoniously with the scheme. The Unter den Linden of Berlin, for example, is a

particularly beautiful street, yet its chief beauty would vanish were the carefully tended trees to be removed. The Rue de Rivoli of Paris (at least that portion west of the Tuileries) presents a clean and pleasant face to the world through reason of the railing-enclosed gardens forming one side of the street. Princes Street is like the part of the Rue de Rivoli referred to in this respect, viz., that one side only is built upon, while well-dressed gardens form the other. The comparison ends there, for if you remove the railings and let the gardens go untended, the street in the French capital would suffer through the loss of a pleasant outlook, while Princes Street would still have an outlook whose charm would remain unaffected by the withdrawal of the paltry attentions of man.

**A clean and pleasant face**

To be built on hills, as Edinburgh is, has certain disadvantages which appeal strongly to the short-winded pedestrian and the cab horse, yet, were it not for the hills, a picturesque city would be an impossibility and a beautiful Princes Street would be out of the question. The rock whereon the Castle is built, if one examines it, is the lofty termination of a narrow ridge which slopes upward from Holyrood at the base of Arthur's Seat. On that ridge and on the slopes at both sides thereof, to the north and the south, the Old Town—the original Edinburgh—is situated, and the growth of the town in old days, when building space within the city walls became yearly more restricted, led to

**The Old Town**

the erection of buildings of great height and packed closely together, for ground was too valuable for the construction of streets as we understand streets nowadays. Closes, wynds, and pends were the arteries which served the burghers of old, and thus the sombre mass of buildings composing the real Old Town, where the history of the city was made, stands aloft against the sky as a monument to be reverenced by the less exalted modern portion of the city which begins with Princes Street. The pleasant valley which lies between the Old and New Town would, no doubt, have received first attention at the builders' hands when the city began to grow in earnest, but at the time when need for extension became manifest that valley enclosed a large sheet of water known as the Nor' Loch, which for long was well beloved as being useful for public duckings, suicides, boating, fishing, and smuggling whisky into the burgh, though latterly it became little better than a marshy receptacle for the contents of sewers and a dumping place for deceased cats and dogs.

Persons who have expressed abhorrence of the railway which runs below the Castle rock may be frequently seen and heard snorting and hooting along on motors through the most picturesque districts and villages in the country, scattering stench and dust to the detriment of rustic repose and the rearing of flowers. The motor on the street or road is, if anything, a shade more filthy than the

railway locomotive, and yet Edinburgh has motorists who blame the railway for marring the beauty of a portion of the scenery. **An alleged disfigurement**

Lovers of the picturesque there are in plenty who regard with disgust the presence of the North British railway line which now occupies the bed of the Nor' Loch, but, if there be a choice of two evils, a modern railroad seems preferable to an ancient slough reeking with festering abominations.

Looking at the prosperous face of Princes Street now, it is hard to believe that when, in or about the year 1767, the magistrates of the city sought to encourage the building of houses on the north side of the valley, they had to offer strong inducements to bring forward pioneer settlers in what is now the New Town, in one case a £20 premium being paid, and in others exemption from taxes being allowed. A few dwelling-houses built at the east end of what was then a country road between walls were not long in being joined by others, and as the better class of inhabitants were beginning to see that life in a more open district seemed preferable to an existence bottled up in a congested area, the street (called after Prince, afterwards King George IV.) was not long in crawling the measured mile from east to west. As seen to-day Princes Street is almost entirely modern, and the erroneous impression may very naturally be formed that its history goes no further back than, perhaps, twenty years. The present is,

Princes Street's growth

however, the second and, in parts, the third edition of the street which, beginning as a residential locality, gradually gained in importance as the dwelling-houses gave place to shops and hotels, and of the original Princes Street scarcely a trace is left, the two-storey building occupied by the Sun Assurance Company, almost facing the Scott Monument, being the most noticeable connecting link between the present and the past. Even in its infancy the thoroughfare must have given promise of future greatness, for in the year 1774 interdict was granted by the Court of Session against the erection of buildings on the south side, although it is true that prior thereto a block had been erected on the site where now stands the mammoth North British Station Hotel. That hotel at the east end, Saint John's Episcopal Church at the west end, and the Royal Institution lying between the two are, accordingly, the only edifices on the southern side along the whole level mile of the street.

The pioneer settlers of old began their street at the east, probably being chary of divorcing themselves too far from the busy centre of the Old Town, and although this seems doubtful, we may yet give them credit for having appreciated the fact that the view looking west was going to turn out more pleasing than looking in the other direction. At all events, while now the busiest part of Princes Street is at the east end, which is in

close contact with the Old Town, and also in direct communication with the Port of Leith, the best view of the street is to be obtained from this end, and the stranger who, from the neighbouring Calton Hill, lets his eye rest on the surrounding scenery, while delighted with the picture presented by the Firth of Forth and the Fife coast on the north, and the Calton Jail and Arthur's Seat on the south, will be so enchanted with the vision of Princes Street that he will lose no time in making an exploration of that charming thoroughfare. **The best view**

To explore the street properly for the first time it is desirable to saunter along the south side, so that when the eye gets strained through feasting on the glories of the hotel, club, and haberdashery buildings which line the northern margin of the strand, relief may be sought by contemplating the beauties, cultivated and natural, of the gardens and the Castle Hill and Rock, while the inspection at intervals of monuments in memory of eminent men placed along the garden side will provide agreeable breaks in a pedestrian journey westward. To promenade the southern side of Princes Street is to be unfashionable, it is true, yet this is counterbalanced by the fact that no rude, staring glances will be met by strangers whose clothes are not cut in the mode of Edinburgh, while the male exile will appreciate the advantage of being able to smoke a pipe without being branded as an eccentric or a criminal. The other side is

**The tour commenced**

for the fashionables, the Geneva-cross-like imprints of whose rubber heels are not to be discovered on the pavement of the garden side. Of these people more anon.

The author has no intention at this stage of turning the present work into a guide-book lecture, neither is it his wish to indulge in the descriptive platform language peculiar to the limelight or bioscope demonstrator, yet, as the trusting reader has been inveigled into performing an itinerary from east to west on a charming thoroughfare one mile in length, some attention to detail must be bestowed on the sights. Rhapsodies will, however, be avoided as much as possible. Very well, then, we start at the east by taking stock of the Duke of Wellington statue in bronze, on the right hand, which is a fine piece of work from the hands of Sir John Steell, R.S.A. This statue is locally regarded as of importance as marking the spot where waiters can be hired for a night's service or a bookmaker can be got to transact a piece of business. We must not tarry here overlong, as the policeman eyes us suspiciously, so merely noting, as we cross to the other side, that the Post Office and the Register House (the Scottish Somerset House) are dwarfed by the gigantic North British Station Hotel, which we are about to pass, we attempt to force our way westwards in the teeth of a fresh gale. We pass the hotel safely, only to find ourselves driven back

by the wind, which beats with terrific force on the western face of the building. The terrors of the east wind in Edinburgh are now as nothing compared to the danger to life and limb to be braved at, near, or about this hotel, and Flat-iron Building, New York, has here a formidable rival as an attractor of whirlwinds, whose violence sometimes necessitates policemen being attached by ropes to the railings to catch persons who are being blown up the station stairway. Battling along, we are soon out of the danger zone, and bestowing a passing glance on the cement-paved roof of the Waverley Market, within which building fruit and vegetables are sold each morning, and within which Sunday concerts are things forbidden, we reach the East Princes Street Gardens, which, being free to the public, we enter.

A whirlwind-attractor

Glancing at the rather diminutive statue of Dr. Livingstone, we approach with reverence the noble Scott Monument, in the centre of whose arches the freshly cleansed marble statue of the gifted weaver of romances attracts our notice. Sir Walter Scott is shown seated, his favourite hound at his feet, and we may be pardoned if we interpret the facial expression of both man and dog as betraying an entire absence of enthusiasm at contemplating the fact that a temperance hotel right opposite has been named after the author's most famous novel. The monument is in height 180 feet, and its original cost of

Scott Monument

over £15,000 has been added to at intervals by the placing at prominent parts of the structure of statues representing characters to be found in the Waverley novels. A small charge of 2d. is made on visitors who seek to mount to the summit, and the climb thither is well worth the trouble, as the view to be obtained of the city and surroundings is very fine. It is said by persons who understand about such things that the Scott Monument is much admired by loving young couples, for whom the gloom of the narrow staircase has no terrors, and if this be true, then most assuredly an additional element of romance hangs about the structure. The stretch of garden lying westward from the monument is, during the summer and autumn, a sight worth seeing, and the floral displays therein arranged call for many compliments from strangers towards the city authorities and their gardener.

A handsome bronze statue to the memory of Adam Black, sometime Lord Provost and M.P. for the city, stands a little to the west of the Scott memorial. He was the head of the well-known Edinburgh publishing firm, which since his death has emigrated to London. At the further end of the broad garden walk we find the statue erected to the memory of John Wilson, the eminent Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, and we can readily believe, from Steell's representation of the great "Christopher North," that he was a giant among men, both mentally and

physically. There is good reason to suppose that modern Edinburgh would not have suited "Christopher North," who had a soul above conventions. Leaving the gardens, we find ourselves in an open space, which in the summer months is found to be useful as a starting place for petrol-driven passenger conveyances which trade between Edinburgh and Queensferry, a nine-miles journey. Street preachers also utilise the ground on Sunday nights by holding open-air services, even in inclement weather. The handsome building, embellished with fluted columns, with its side windows respectably adorned with green venetian screens, which obstructs our view westward, is the Royal Institution, where are housed the Board of Manufactures and the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Also housed there is the Art School, where drawing, designing, and modelling are studied by young persons of both sexes, and on the stone steps of the southern portico at 12.30 p.m. daily in reasonably good weather a pleasant sight is presented by the cluster of young lady students who bring forth their studio stools and enjoy an *al fresco* lunch, in which the Bohemian cigarette does not figure. Right facing the ladies is the hope of the young artist's ambition, the Royal Art Gallery, which is a semi-detached concern, as it shares one roof with the National Picture Gallery. The latter is open free to visitors, and has a collection worthy of inspection. The former is only open

**The Mound**

Government protection

during the Spring Exhibition held by the Royal Scottish Academy, and on the opening day it enjoys the glorious privilege of being protected by a military sentry, who presumably by his presence for one day only intimates to picture robbers and other evil-disposed persons that the Government is prepared to do its duty by the exhibition.

It is important that we should, before proceeding further west, bestow some attention to the most congested portion of Princes Street, lying between the Royal Institution and that street called Hanover Street, which enters the main thoroughfare at right angles. The figure of Queen Victoria in stone looks down on the busy scene from the roof of the north portico of the Institution. An attempt to regulate street traffic has been made here, but regulation there is none as it is understood in other cities, and the crowd of pavid persons waiting for a chance to rush across the street is apt to strike the stranger as a novel sight. A dangerous crossing it is in good truth, so we will be content to keep to the south side and to cross the Mound—or the Earth Mound as it was called—and enter West Princes Street Gardens. A word as to the Mound, however, *en passant*. To span a valley, it was built up of earth from the excavations of the New Town, and it is mainly traversed by professional men dressed in sombre black, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, who go and come to their several professional headquarters by this thoroughfare.

During the May Church Assemblies the black-coated brigade is of formidable proportions, and has been unkindly likened unto a black-beetle ranche on a busy day.

A beetle-ranche

Let us now enter the west gardens, which, like those we have just left, are free to the public. Quite recently the Corporation saw fit to have the statues of the city cleansed of their coatings of grime, and of the whole collection of scrubbed memorials the white marble statue of Allan Ramsay, the poet, which faces us, shines the brightest of all. This is one of Steell's numerous productions, and the sculptor has, for some reason known to himself, seen fit to top an excellent piece of work with a nightcap which the poet is represented as wearing. What appears to be a blanket is carried negligently over the left shoulder, and those who have seen the grotesque in the "tile-hatted" statue of Kruger have regarded the nightcap-adorned figure of Ramsay with complacent approval. It is not the Ramsay statue, however, which attracts most people to this corner. The city gardener has evolved a beautiful entertainment for rustic visitors in the shape of a floral clock, round which crowds gather during the summer months, watches in hand, to check the truth or falsity of the horticultural timepiece. Down below in the valley of the gardens bands play in the season—occasionally—and the riff-raff from the slums appreciate the music as well as the better-dressed citizens, for

A view of the Castle

the band crowds are of the "mixed" description. We are not going to patronise the band, however, and need not descend into the gardens proper, for the gravel walk is a vile thing for the boots, so we glance with interest at the "modern antique" building up on the heights of Ramsay Gardens, where University undergraduates enjoy the privilege of residence in the loftiest part of the city, and then bestow our attention on the Castle. From Ramsay monument the best view of that edifice is obtainable, and as we slowly wander westward along the asphalt pavement of Princes Street we make out, among other objects, Mons Meg, the mammoth bombard of ancient times, which is *not* now used as the one o'clock gun. High up on the ramparts, perchance, we see a group of tourists hearkening to the words of a city guide. We even attempt to read semaphore signals made by the guide, whose waving arms are silhouetted against the sky. We have yet to inspect the Castle internally, but now we hold steadily on a westward course, stopping for a moment to admire the bronze figure of a mounted Scots Grey, which serves as a memorial for the officers and men of the regiment who fell in South Africa. This monument was erected during the year 1907, its cost being met entirely by contributions from the regiment, and it is a fine piece of work by a local sculptor, Mr. Birnie Rhind, R.S.A. The begrimed and dismal-looking statue in bronze, badly placed for light effects, which next attracts our notice is

Mons Meg

that erected to the memory of the eminent physician, Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., who made his high reputation by employing sulphuric ether and chloroform as anæsthetic agents. **The journey terminates**

Our journey westward terminates when we come abreast of St. John's Episcopal Church, which was erected in 1817, the interior whereof is singularly beautiful, a great stained-glass window representing the twelve apostles being the chief object of spectacular interest. Outside the church a Celtic cross stands to the memory of Dean Ramsay, who ministered within its walls for many years. Right at the back of St. John's Church stands the recently extended and renovated West Kirk, otherwise yclept St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, which possesses a handsome graveyard, once the scene of many body-snatching enterprises.

Before we bethink ourselves of closing the tour of inspection of Princes Street on its gardens side, it behoves us to descend into the gardens themselves to inspect the fountain. There is nothing strikingly beautiful about this affair, which represents a collection of nymphs and females symbolising sciences and arts (excluding the art sartorial), but it is important that the stranger should not leave Edinburgh without having seen the solitary municipally controlled fountain of the capital, which is, perhaps, the most restful thing of the kind in the world. It is not overworked. Back we climb into Princes Street to start on a journey which will be full of instruction.

## XI

### Princes Street Promenade

Back we go

THE stranger may complain at being dragged along the length of Princes Street once more, foolishly imagining that because he or she has done the measured mile and seen a few monuments and what not in the course of the journey, there is little use in reversing the trip on the *trottoir* of the north side of the street. Complaints are useless. The walk along the other side has simply got to be gone through in order that some real idea of the living Edinburgh of to-day may be gathered. Princes Street has two sides physically, as most streets do have, but the difference between the garden, or southward side, from the side which we are now to traverse is such that the stranger will find that the street is two thoroughfares rolled into one. Those who are humble, or have real business to hurry to, or who have plebeian pipes in their jaws, or who delight in walking amid foliage and in sight of the natural beauties of the gardens, make the southern sidewalk their marching ground. People who take this side of the street are vulgar, according to the Edinburgh standard. Those who tread the other and more urban sidewalk are the

true representatives of Edinburgh ideals, being genteel, apparently idle, and leisurely of movement, and one does not require to be a black tracker or a reader of "spoors" to conclude that the hall-mark of gentility, apparent idleness, and leisure of movement is the imprint of the india-rubber boot heel. The hall-mark is there on the pavement advertising itself. The Geneva Cross of the revolvable rubber heel pad is an imprint which is unmistakable, and to gentility, apparent idleness, and leisure of movement we may add thrift. Observe now that we are about to inspect Edinburgh of to-day, and right here on the Princes Street promenade Modern Athens by its human symbols is to be studied.

**An evidence of thrift**

We have safely negotiated one of Edinburgh's several dangerous crossings, and are perhaps, with other pavid pedestrians, engaged in composing ourselves before setting our faces to the east. The fascination of the street begins to affect the stranger here, and a word of advice may not be thrown away on an unsophisticated tourist of thirsting tendencies before the enterprise of a promenade along Princes Street is undertaken. It may, or it may not, have struck one's mind in coming westward that, no matter how anxiously the buildings on the other side have been scrutinised, no signs of a saloon bar have been discerned. It is the case that from east to west none of such establishments can be found, although Princes Street in its day was

No saloon bars

reasonably well equipped with popular places of the kind, but to-day, unless one be a member of one of the several clubs or knows which of the restaurants and bakeries hold licences for dispensing malt and spirituous liquors, there is small chance of one's thirst being quenched by drinks other than soft drinks, except an hotel be resorted to. It is in the east, and likewise in the west, ends of Princes Street that the believer in alcoholic beverages may cure his (or her) thirst, and attention may be now directed to the handsome redstone building of the Caledonian Railway Hotel, within whose premises all manner of bodily nourishments are procurable. It is a gross idea this suggestion of feeding and drinking, no doubt, but there is a mile to traverse, and a word of advice will not be thrown away on some people. There are, besides the Station Hotel, numerous hostelries of comfortable aspect in the west which cater for the wants of those who hunger and are athirst. The same remark holds good of the east end of Princes Street, so let us to our promenade, refreshed and nourished mayhap, or about to be refreshed and nourished at the end of the tour. At a pinch we can take refuge in one of the numerous tea-purveying establishments on the route, which are sometimes disguised as haberdashery shops and sometimes as bakeries, and the trouble now is to discover in Princes Street the emporiums which do not dispense tea.

Like all British cities, Edinburgh suffers from

an overdose of bad weather, but sunshine is not unknown, and when there is the least suggestion of sun about the neighbourhood, Princes Street monopolises the supply of warmth and brightness provided by the solar orb. To be a cat has certain advantages, and one of these is the possession of the faculty of extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure from basking in the glad sunshine, and this feline attribute may be said to be cultivated by Princes Street *habitués*, who, however, display less intelligence in their appreciation of the effulgent rays than does the cat, for the latter has the sense to lie still and soak in all the sunshine which is going, whereas the former have constantly to be on the move. The police see to that. It is only when a popular actress is known to be shopping in one of the great haberdashery stores of Princes Street that complete cessation of pedestrian traffic is allowed, when the interested promenaders are permitted to herd themselves round and about the doors of the establishment to witness the lady's emergence therefrom after having made her purchases, small or great. Indeed, it matters not that the lady has transacted no business whatever within the store, so long as she emerges just like an ordinary human being. The herds will herd themselves round the door just the same, and the imprints of the rubber heel pads will be discovered in great numbers just where the heels have been planted in a delirium of expectant joy. Sunshine or shower, these things will happen, but now

A cat's advantages

**An impossible scheme**

we have concern with the sunshine, and, given a decently fine day, our trip is bound to beget gladness in our hearts.

The stranger who is "off the chain," and is in Edinburgh for diversion merely, may flatter himself that he is of the proper mood, and is peculiarly fitted for merging himself among the crowd of promenaders of Princes Street, but experience soon tells him that the scheme proposed is an impossible one. He (or even she) may move along as a temporary denizen of the street, keeping carefully and mathematically to the right, as per directions on the lamp-post tickets, but it does not take the stranger long to discover that the Princes Street promenader is of a distinct and separate breed from the rest of mankind. The millionaire may coax himself into the belief that his consciousness of wealth and power will carry him securely and comfortably along the promenade, but he is wrong in his estimate, and we who happen to be millionaires disposed to join the moving throng will soon be glad to hop into our lethal mechanical chariots of high power, and wage vengeful war on the trembling pedestrians who seek to cross the streets at the several danger spots. This Princes Street is the very place of which the poet wrote—

> And roam along the world's tired denizen.
> With none to bless us, none whom we can bless,
> Minions of splendour shrinking from distress.

The minions are apparently there in good style,

but distress of mind or of body is not included in the Princes Street outfit. **The time gun**

We will now get along an it please ye. There is no escaping from the grandeur of the scenery to the right. The famous old Castle is there, always hinting at a protection which its artillery belies; the green slope of the Castle Hill refreshes the jaded eye, and when we are walking in the sunshine the heat of the pavement is simply abominable. Does that explosion to the right betoken a blasting operation? Not so. 'Tis the one p.m. time gun from the Castle, and the simultaneous and instant production of gun-metal watches by the apparent dukes, marquises, and their female companions shows a keener appreciation of the passage of time than their aimless perambulations would suggest. It is a startling affair this time gun to the unwary. A snoozing cab horse of the old school on the rank has been seen to collapse in a fainting fit brought on by the detonation. Force of habit induces persons of seeming financial stability to tug at watch-chains which have as anchors latch-keys in place of watches, when the one o'clock gun goes bang, and it has been said that during the Boer war it was easy to place an Edinburgh man by noting how he consulted the charcoal disc of his pocket filter whenever a pom-pom was fired. Edinburgh people have the gift of verifying time, which is an admirable gift, but what good the verification does them it is difficult to understand, for the keeping of engage-

**Happy faces**

ments on time and on Princes Street is about the laxest thing going.

A pleasant feature about Princes Street promenade is the happy look which one finds on each promenading face, and although the types represented are very assorted, the misanthrope is not visible, or, if visible, he or she successfully dissembles. These good promenaders, look you, have excellent cause to appear happy and contented. The fair ladies, with their healthy complexions and equally healthy appetites, are in the way of meeting cavaliers whose means run to tea lay-outs, and, be Hivins! (to use a Dooleyism), if tea makes a young woman happy, Princes Street, with its tea tanks, tea rooms, tea dispensing bakeries, tea dispensing haberdashery stores, and, above all, its supply of generous cavaliers who are prepared to go broke over the game, offers extraordinary attractions. Excess in tea drinking is said to tell after a time on the female complexion, and it has been hinted that certain of the rosy cheeks—but perhaps the matter need not be pursued further.

Forgetfulness of the affairs of life is a gift (or a failing) of the Princes Street *habitué*. The young female in the expensive outfit has come forth from her home commissioned to purchase a one-pound packet of tea for domestic purposes, but for her order the tea merchant waits in vain. She forgets the home tea trade in her passion for the Princes Street traffic, and in her forgetfulness she ends her outing in the studio of a fortune-teller,

whose fee is two shillings and sixpence sterling. As for the young marquis, with the cigarette and the monocle, he forgets that the insurance, accounting, stockbroking, or law office where he is employed has a half-hour luncheon rule. When memory returns to the young marquis, let it be said in his favour that he exchanges his Princes Street amble for a side street furious gallop as he returns to his civil employment, and that he meekly submits to the office boy's abuse for his having forgotten the shilling's worth of stamps which he was told to purchase. The innate vulgarity of the office boy, to whom the marquis acts as deputy, fails to comprehend the delicacy of a situation which has involved the expenditure of the stamp money on two sixpenny tea lay-outs. The forgetful young female and the equally forgetful marquis are, however, not representatives of the whole stream of promenaders. There are gorgeously attired people, male and female, who belong to what is called the "leisured class," aimlessly cultivating a neglect of their duties towards the tradesmen who deck them out so splendidly, and the Glasgow jibe of "pride and poverty" is ably earned by numerous persons whose sole occupation is the showing of a bold front in Princes Street in the forenoon when people who *must* work for a living are confined to their tasks. To be a person of apparent idleness is the Princes Street promenader's cult, and, as in the case of the professional representative of the unemployed, the

**The young Marquis**

Not all idlers

disinclination to toil at anything becomes a second nature to the lilies of the Edinburgh lily-field.

Let us be good-natured over this loafing business, and say we envy the *dolce far niente* crowd their lot. They look happy, and they are not all so idle as they look. The student, in tweed knickerbocker suit and cap, may present an appearance of diligent idleness, but his midnight oil is carefully stored away in his "digs" or hall residence. The young marquis, as we have seen, is worthy of being entrusted with commercial missions involving the custody and expenditure of one shilling sterling. As for the ladies, bless them! so long as they beautify the street we need not concern ourselves as to whether they be good at the darning of socks or the baking of pie crusts, or such housewifely duties, but this much may be said of them, that they are capable of getting through an enormous amount of hard and fatiguing work at bazaars and fancy fairs.

After 3 p.m. the idle and idling promenaders have their ranks swelled by the advent of the silk-hatted lawyers from Parliament House, who, however, content themselves with a short journey westward to the Liberal, Conservative, or University Club. Medical doctors are rarely seen doing the Princes Street crawl, as it does not do to advertise too patently that business is slack. Clerics, however, on their way to visit the sick and the poor, may be seen in fair numbers wending their way towards the west end.

# Princes Street Promenade

When darkness descends on the town it becomes vulgar to be caught on Princes Street, but it is a mighty pleasant evening promenade all the same. The *grisettes* of Edinburgh come forth after their day's toil to take the air on the well-lit pavement, and if the stroll be brightened by the gallant attentions of young students who are qualifying for degrees in wholesale grocery, we need not frown on their gaiety. Only we wish they would omit use of the ejaculation, "Pip! pip!" which went out of date so long ago as 1904, and has therefore lost much of its charm. On Thursday and Sunday nights domestics are to be found in large numbers enjoying Princes Street in company with their "chaps," and the Gaelic-speaking young persons from the Highlands, whose numbers are yearly growing less, are to be met here on the two nights mentioned. There are other types to be found on Princes Street nightly, but the selection given of day and night pedestrians is already sufficiently lengthy.

**Princes Street at night**

So much for the people; let us have a glance at buildings and shops. Uniformity in height has of late years become more marked than was formerly noticeable, for, through rebuilding, few of the old two- and three-storey blocks remain. What will strike the stranger with interest is the fine appearance of several dry-goods stores, of which the outstanding ones are, from west to east respectively, Maule's, Jenner's, Cranston & Elliot's, Forsyth's, and Renton's. The building known as

Haberdashery stores

"Jenner's" is by far the most ornate of the lot. Out of one hundred and forty-nine premises in Princes Street, one hundred and three are used as shops, and of the one hundred and three, twenty-eight are given over to dry-goods traffic. The stranger with the well-lined wallet will find very fine opportunities of reducing his white man's burden by spending a day or two in the Princes Street shops and warehouses, in many of which most excellent luncheons are purveyed at moderate cost for those who go, or those who pretend to go, shopping. It is a wonderful thing to contemplate how Princes Street soft-goods refreshment-rooms are patronised, and people in Edinburgh simply refuse to remember how they managed to exist prior to the institution of the haberdashery lunch or tea "up town."

The interested stranger is now firmly convinced that only those before whom eternity lies have the time to prosecute a study of Princes Street, its promenade, and its promenaders. The apparent idleness of the frequenters of the street, or it may be the long-windedness of the author, has suggested such a thought. Let us get this tiresome promenade over, and have a look at another scene. But before quitting the respectable precincts of Princes Street, it may be well to advise the stranger that if a really expeditious journey from one end to the other be desired, the penny motor car is preferable to the penny cable car.

## XII

### Castle to Holyrood

In the Castle

By one of those delightful enchantments, the secret whereof is known only to expert manipulators of magical carpets, we find ourselves in the Castle of Edinburgh engaged in testing the thickness of the hide of Mons Meg by sticking our fingers in the venerable rents in the classic bombard, and likewise receiving with cautious reserve the various lectures by the licensed guide, who is going to be paid at the rate of 6d. per hour, and perhaps a little more if his yarns ring true or are interesting.

Although the barrack accommodation of the Castle is not at all adequate for the forces roosting on the top of the rock, the drainage is perfect. The overcrowding is a traditional failing handed down from the days when huts were built outside the gate by serfs, for whom no room could be found within. The perfection of the sanitary arrangements is, however, a matter of very recent date. It is of some age this Castle (the oldest portion is the rock), and it has a history of its own, not the least important item being that the statement sometimes made to young children by their instructors

Objects of interest

that King Edwyn, who captured the Castle in 626 A.D., gave his name to the city, is, was, and always has been a gross misrepresentation of fact. The derivation of the word "Edinburgh" has been, and still is, a matter of dispute among savants, but as to Edwyn's claim the most likely theory is that he captured the Castle with the sole object of misleading posterity as to his own greatness.

The catalogue of objects of interest in the Castle is not by any means a lengthy one, yet what these lack in number is more than made up for by their historical value. Perhaps the most interesting is the Crown Room, where the Regalia of Scotland are to be seen carefully caged behind stout steel bars. There is small chance of the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre being treated like the Crown Jewels of Ireland. H.M. Exchequer is charged with the custody of the Regalia, and the experience in Scotland is that to get anything out of that department without elaborate official rites being gone through by both the head office in London and the Edinburgh branch is a possibility so remote that we may comfortably assume the ancient attributes of Scottish awe and majesty are as liable to be moved from their resting-place as an amulet to be filched from the person of a smallpox patient.

Not less interesting is the old Parliament Hall, with its ornamented timber roof and stained-glass windows bearing the ancient Royal and other coats of arms. There is also St. Margaret's Chapel to

be seen, which is a really venerable structure, having been erected by the good St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore. Its restoration was due to the generosity of the late Mr. William Nelson, of the eminent publishing firm, who provided funds for the work, which was completed amid great rejoicings in 1892. Prior to Mr. Nelson's interference the chapel was in a disgraceful state of decay, which was not at all to the credit of those officially responsible for the preservation of national historic properties. St. Margaret's Chapel

With threats, cajoleries, and entreaties we get our guide to believe that, however desirable it may be, from his point of view, to prolong the inspection of the Castle—he being paid by the hour—we have the frying of other fish in hand, and, accordingly, we hustle the ancient man through the rest of the séance, which includes an inspection of the "Half-Moon Battery" (where the electrically controlled one p.m. time gun is to be seen and heard, if we choose to attend at the magic hour), a visit to Queen Mary's room and the chamber wherein King James VI., or, more properly speaking, the infant Prince, afterwards baptised James, was born, and a glance at the Argyll Tower, where two members of a once somewhat unpopular family spent their last moments preparing for an execution in which they took a prominent part, and we then ask the venerable guide to show us some genuine dungeons, where we may gaze with rapture on writings or

**The dungeons barred**

scratchings on the wall executed by persons who lived in times when imprisonment was not regarded by the authorities as a science; but when the horrid truth is conveyed to us that, although veritable dungeons there are, cut deep down in the rock, visitors are not permitted to inspect the same, we indignantly hie us furth of the Castle, and appease our wrath by criticising the drilling of raw recruits out on the Esplanade. We thank our stars that we have not to go through a perspiring initiation into the mysteries of preparing for sudden death in return for a shilling per diem, and if our guide be still with us, we appreciate his explanation that the hangings, drawings, and quarterings, and also the burnings, which of old were features of the Esplanade, have given place to the breaking-in of young soldiers. Of the regimental monuments to be inspected, the most recent one, that erected to the memory of those members of the Scottish Horse who fell in South Africa, teaches us the lesson that something more than a shilling a day is the reward of the man who seeks "the bubble reputation."

We may turn our gaze here to the south, where we see the new Fire Station in Lauriston, partially hidden by the new Art School, which will shortly be opened for business. The school is built on the ground where traffic in kine was for long followed, and down below the Castle rock, the Grassmarket is on Wednesdays the scene of traffickings in horses, with the usual exchanges of courtesies

and the usual handing over of verbal guarantees which, to use a Hibernianism, are often "not worth the paper on which they aren't written." We can also locate in the Grassmarket the Corn Exchange, whose clock tower holds a reliable timepiece. Grassmarket

The associations which hang about the new Art School can scarcely be said to be so pleasant as those which attach to University Hall, which we see on the left as we wend our way eastwards. Fortunate souls are they, indeed, who enjoy residence in the settlement, whether as young undergraduates or middle-aged graduates of the University. The buildings occupy the area known as Ramsay Gardens, and perhaps some of the indwellers appreciate the fact that Allan Ramsay was a former resident, who enjoyed the same panorama as they now do. We ourselves have already seen it from the Castle, but to enjoy it in peace a stay of execution of our projected tour eastwards is desirable, so that we may feast our eyes for a little on the northern prospect before we leave the Esplanade, and if we can find an owner of a key which opens the gate in the railing of the gardens we can profitably employ a few minutes in admiring the vista of the Firth of Forth and the Fife coast, the nearer Calton Hill, and the ornamental Prison, which really looks well at a distance. The view of Princes Street and the Mound, with the Royal Institution and Art Galleries, is not always marred

Whose soul? by the steam escaping from North British locomotives halted to await the drop of the signals of the station in the valley. The ancient stone slab which stands on the top of the grassy hill and displays a carven Runic cross, surrounded by a serpent, is of no local interest, the affair having been imported from Sweden by a local gentleman many years ago. The inscription is said to mean, "Ari engraved this stone in memory of Hialm, his father. God help his soul."

Leaving the Esplanade by a narrow, but by no means squalid, street, we pass on our right the Tolbooth Parish Church and the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall, which in May is the rallying point of ecclesiastics from all parts of Scotland. The Assemblies are opened under Royal patronage by a Lord High Commissioner, whose State procession has lost much of its former grandeur, though it still attracts fair crowds of idle, vulgar, dissolute, and even unclean spectators. Another Church, the United Free, holds its Assemblies also in May (though not under Royal patronage), not far off in a hall which may be reached by traversing one of the noisome closes of which we are going to see many ere we reach Holyrood. The full splendour of the Lawnmarket now bursts upon our vision. This broad thoroughfare was formerly the market place for the cloth merchants of the city, who conducted business from booths in the street. Their successors, the merchants of to-day, offer more

View Eastward from Castle

varied attractions, there being premises devoted to business in rags, bottles, ice-cream, cigarettes, cooked foods, cheap shaves, milk and cream, groceries, second-hand trunks, fried fish and chips, and, indeed, all the goods known to civilisation, and there are also a pawn shop and one or two spirit dealers' establishments to meet the wants of the frouzy residents. If we are bent on inspecting "closes," these begin to be plentiful, and Lady Stair's House can be approached in perfect safety by one of three closes on our left, the leading one being named after her ladyship. Let not the stranger hesitate to use these closes as thoroughfares, for, although there is much that is squalid about them, there are often interesting buildings at their further ends, access to which can be had with small risk to life and property. Lady Stair's House is one of these, and as the carvings above its front door certify that the edifice was in existence in 1622, and as the house was the dwelling of *the* leader of fashion of her time, some reverence should be extended to the building, which was recently restored by Lord Rosebery, who presented it as a gift to the city. If we take stock of our surroundings here we observe that we stand in a spacious asphalted court, which serves as an excellent playground for the children of the local poor, who are given to play truant from school on the slightest provocation, and to wear out the boots gifted to them by benevolence in playing Associa-

**Lawnmarket commerce**

Indigenous beauties

tion football of a sort with small bundles of rags tied up with twine. A happy place this for escaping from the questionings of School Board officers, for the sides of the court are pierced with exits in all directions.

The house of the old-time lady of fashion who did not play bridge is diligently shunned by her modern sisters, so we will regain the Lawnmarket unrefreshed by the sight of beauty, keeping a careful look-out for the beauties indigenous to the district. We begin to see that what we have taken for comely Scottish lasses, with tartan shawls on head, as per olden pictures, are really ghoulish wrecks of womanhood, whose tartan shawls, as often as not, conceal stolen goods, which are about to be pawned to raise the wherewithal to purchase ardent spirits. It may here be noted as an interesting fact that the Lawnmarket was the dwelling-place of the inventor of the penny postage, he being a certain Peter Wilson, who carried on a printing business in the now demolished Forresters' Wynd.

Putting aside the temptation to inspect the interior of the vintner's establishment on our left, we cross the cable car lines and shape our course obliquely to the right, where stand the magnificent new County Buildings, which, externally, put to shame their plain neighbour, the Signet Library, which will be inspected by us anon. It is our duty to pause at the rounded corner of the pavement, where Melbourne Place and Lawnmarket

meet, in order that we may reverently inspect the site where were planted the gibbets of old, which site is distinguishable by three stone setts of the causeway being placed east and west instead of north and south, as are the others. Here was it that public hangings attracted dense crowds, and it is worthy of note that the spot, where formerly the vendors of confessions and dying speeches carried on business, is now used by their successors, certain raucous-voiced, modern newsboys, who, with powerful lungs, disseminate inaccurate information concerning tragedies which are supposed to be chronicled in the evening papers. Public hangings

Proceeding on our way eastward, we reach the monument erected in memory of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, the sides whereof bear some bas-relief panels of excellent workmanship, and lo! in a few strides we are arrived at what is often mistaken for the resting-place of John Knox, viz., "The Heart of Midlothian." A quaint conceit has prompted the paving authorities of the city to have traced out in stone setts the design of a heart to perpetuate the memory of a loosely-conducted tolbooth or prison which gave the title to one of Sir Walter Scott's most famous novels. From here we may admire the carven images over the west door of St. Giles' Cathedral, which have stung to frenzy a Dunfermline anti-popery enthusiast, who up till now has shown no signs of abating his antipathy to what he

**The images of St. Giles**

has called "the images of St. Giles'." If images they can be called, they are, though well carven, but dingy ones compared to the allegorical carvings to be seen on the eastern front of the County Buildings opposite. These, again, will in time become as dingy as the miniature effigies on St. Giles' doorway, but we need not be looking further ahead as to that, and as we have arrived at an important part of our exploration, we will do well to make a break in our journey and inspect the Cathedral, and eke the adjoining Courts of Law and of Justice, the latter being housed in a building known locally as "Parliament House."

## XIII

### St. Giles' and its Environs

Much of the history of religion in Scotland is associated with St. Giles' Cathedral, and although the generosity of the late William Chambers, LL.D. (of the well-known publishing firm, whose premises are near by), brought about a restoration of the ancient building, or rather series of buildings, to a state resembling that which existed prior to the Reformation, that restoration, unfortunately, led to the placing over the western doorway of the carven images referred to in the preceding chapter. The history of religion in Scotland is full of evidences of bitter hatreds existing between Protestants and Papists (otherwise idolaters), and it is unfortunate that the restoration of the venerable Cathedral should have led to a revival of the old-time feuds, although it is, on the other hand, fortunate that the people of Scotland, and particularly Edinburgh, of the Protestant persuasion are not given to become converts to Popery (otherwise idolatry) by inspecting a display of graven images of saints, or alleged saints, over a door of St. Giles' Cathedral. No single instance has been recorded of a staunch Protestant having been suddenly seized

Restoration of St. Giles'

The wedding door

with a desire to change his or her religion, and fall down and worship the images of St. Giles'.

The door on the west is the door through which wedding parties come and go under a "property" canopy, and perhaps the Dunfermline image-hater would be pleased to see the present gallery of carved figures replaced by a representation of Hymen paying off an army of cupids in respect of their labours being at an end. Unless we be connected with a wedding party we may not, on a week day, enter the Cathedral by the image-haunted western door, so round into the High Street we go, where, at another door, we are asked by a booking clerk, comfortably seated at the receipt of custom, to hand over 3d. sterling if we wish to get inside the church. On Sundays and Mondays, it is true, the free list is in vogue, but we are talking of any day in the week, and if we are not disposed to dissipate a portion of our capital to secure admission to a sacred edifice, the interior of St. Giles' will be one of the sights of Edinburgh which we have missed. After all, what is threepence? Spring it, my friends, and earn the respect of the booking clerk. The difference between the elaborately decorated Catholic cathedrals which are to be inspected on the Continent, and in all parts of the world, and the severe Protestant institution known as the St. Giles' Cathedral of Edinburgh is that the controlling bodies of the former expect affluent visitors to drop offerings into

a box kept for contributions, while in the latter no chances are taken of visitors proving parsimonious. Threepence is a happy mean between spontaneous generosity and taxable curiosity.

A compliment to Athens

Edinburgh is frequently described as "Modern Athens," which is a compliment to the real Athens which is modern. Perfect good-feeling has ever existed between the two cities, and it may be that the good Saint Giles, who was a native of Grecian Athens, and to whose glory the original wooden church was erected in Edinburgh (it is supposed) in the seventh century, has exercised a subtle influence in the building of the city, so that it should in time become known as a modern edition of his birthplace. Prior to his death, which occurred at Nismes, in or about the year 721 A.D., Saint Giles had never set foot in Edinburgh, yet so great was the esteem in which he was held by the populace that when, in the year 1457, one of his arm bones was imported from France into the city by William Prestoune of Gourton, the public gratitude to the importer knew no bounds, and it is on record that to perpetuate the memory of the deed the Town Council, besides building an aisle in the stone church, which by this time had been erected, decreed that none but a Prestoune should have the honour of carrying the bone in each annual procession, held in September, during the St. Giles festival. The last procession of the kind was holden on 1st September, 1558, and during its

**John Knox laughs**

course the populace, as a protest against popery, seized an image of the saint which was being borne aloft, and tore it to pieces in the presence of John Knox, who heartily enjoyed the performance. This image was but the understudy of a more imposing one, which had already been publicly ducked in the Nor' Loch, carefully dried, and burned amid popular rejoicings. Small wonder, then, that shortly after 1558 the famous bone was thrown away for any casual dog to gnaw, and it is to be hoped we hear no more of the affair, because, should some inquisitive archæologist succeed in "howking" up the bone, the hostile attitude maintained by the Dunfermline divine against popery and papal symbols and relics will tempt facetious persons to refer to it as a "bone of contention," a thing to be deplored.

From humble wooden beginnings St. Giles' Cathedral has come through a succession of additions, demolitions by fire and by the hands of alleged "improvers," rebuildings, and re-ornamentations, until we find it serving admirably as a place of worship for a large congregation, few of whom reside within the parish, for, be it known, the indwellers of St. Giles' parish are not in circumstances of sufficient affluence to clothe themselves in raiment fit to vie with those who each Sunday attend worship within the Cathedral. In John Knox's time, when there were fewer counter attractions than now, crowds of three thousand persons were sometimes

accommodated within the church when he discoursed. Seldom do we find that number exceeded in modern times.

A hard-worked cleric

The life of a minister in the days of the great Reformer was scarcely so comfortable as that enjoyed by his modern disciples. The emoluments were wretched, there was no Sustentation Fund, and aged and infirm ministers stood a poor chance of being retired on pensions. Few clerics of to-day would care to come through adventures by land and sea as Knox did, and start at the age of fifty-seven a career of strenuous activity as a city minister at a time when an important event like the Reformation was imminent. John Knox was made of sterner stuff, and went through thirteen years of as hard work as any minister has been asked to perform, work which was of national, as well as local, value, and although his health was not of the best, it may be his training in the French galleys as a prisoner had fitted him to stand laborious toil. Two years before his death, which occurred in 1572, he was stricken by apoplexy, yet, on 9th November of that year, he preached in St. Giles' at the induction of his successor, Vice-Principal Lawson, of Aberdeen University. That sermon was his last, for on the 24th of the same month his death took place, he being then in his sixty-seventh year, and his strength of purpose may be gauged when, in a will he made a few months before his decease, he admitted, "A dead man have I been almost

A generous resolution

these two years by-past." A great man he was truly, and if against papists he was strictly intolerant, he certainly had suffered enough at their hands to banish all suggestions of tolerance from his mind, yet it must not be assumed he was absolutely ruthless in his dealings with them. That he was otherwise may be gathered from a resolution passed on 27th December, 1560, at a sitting of the First General Assembly of the Scottish Church after the Reformation was an accomplished fact. The resolution was "That all such as hes been in the ministrie of the Paip's Kirk, good and well-conditioned persons, that they shall live upon the almes of the Kirk with the number of the Poore." A word from Knox, who was present, would have been enough to have defeated that generous resolution.

However interesting the history of John Knox's connection with St. Giles' may be, there is no room in the present work for a repetition of histories on the subject compiled by others, and as the two outstanding names to be associated with the Cathedral are those of the Reformer and a certain Jenny Geddes (who was a kail or vegetable merchant), a few words concerning the second named will be here given before passing on to consideration of the Cathedral itself.

On a famous Sunday in the year 1637 this good lady, resenting the introduction into the Scottish service of the English Church Service-book, as

ordered by Charles I., hurled her camp-stool at the head of Dean Hannay, and thereby earned for herself and the unfortunate Dean the tablets which have been engraved to their respective memories. The story as recorded by several writers is silent as to whether the lady's aim was accurate, but the accuracy of the tale cannot be doubted, for the stool now stands as living proof of its verity in the Antiquarian Museum in Queen Street, and as John's Knox's pulpit may also be seen in the same place, the evidence in favour of the story is ample.

An accurate tale

The intentions of the Restoration Committee, presided over by the generous donor of £30,000, Mr. William Chambers, before mentioned, were that St. Giles' should be treated as a sort of national abbey similar to that of Westminster, wherein the great men of the country should have their memories perpetuated by carven stones and monuments, and though such memorial tokens are not numerous, the stranger should not assume that they represent all the great men produced by Scotland. John Knox is, of course, represented, his monument being in the Albany Chapel, while in the Moray Aisle a fine stained-glass illustration of the assassination and interment of the good Regent Moray may be seen. The remains of the noble Marquis of Montrose were interred in St. Giles' in that part known as Chapman's Aisle, and in the Montrose Aisle a carved figure represents him at rest after his eventful life. Not the least

**The lantern of St. Giles'**

interesting of the sights within the building is the display of the tattered banners of the Scottish regiments high up on the walls.

The restoration of the interior of the Cathedral has given to us a representation of what it was like prior to the Reformation, yet there is a newness about the internal aspect both as to structure and service, which is apt to disappoint one who has built up hopes of experiencing something more venerable after inspecting the ancient tower or lantern, which is the Cathedral's chief external glory. The lantern is not so venerable as its looks betoken, as it only dates from 1648, in which year it was built to replace an older structure of similar design. Bells in the tower, which were once musical, are to be heard ringing on Sundays, and it is interesting to know that in Edinburgh the art of bell-ringing was an exclusive craft of the old days, with strict rules as to apprenticeship and graduation. Nowadays the art is not practised to excess.

Prisoners were at one time accommodated with apartments up in the lantern, and no doubt they properly appreciated their lofty retreat far above the vulgar traffic in merchandise which went on below in the Luckenbooths attached to the church walls, although it is true these poor prisoners had the affairs of life kept constantly before them, for they were forced to earn their daily bread by working at hand-loom weaving.

St. Giles' Cathedral, showing West Door

The Market Cross

Exchanging the dim, religious light of the interior for the genial sunshine, or the fog, or the rain, or the snow, or other manifestations of summer weather as known in Scotland, we pass a tablet in the north wall marking the site of the tomb of the Napiers of Merchiston, which had the honour for many years of enjoying the company of the central pillar of the Mercat Croce (otherwise Market Cross), which we will shortly see. This pillar was for long kept behind a railing, and strangers, for want of information, were led to believe that it formed part of the Napier sepulchre, and it was only when the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the Member of Parliament for Midlothian, generously gifted to the city a replica of the Old Cross of Edinburgh that the interesting relic had a fitting habitation provided for it.

Just outside the door of the Central Police Office we find the restored Market Cross in the shape of an octagonal tower, with battlements, and from the centre of the tower the old shaft, surmounted by a crowned unicorn, arises. From the battlements Royal Proclamations are issued by the Scottish Heralds, clad in their picturesque tabards, and considerable crowds are attracted at each of those interesting ceremonies, which are attended by troops from the Castle, a military band, and numerous members of the police force.

The restored Cross does not include a replica of the old basin, which on occasions of public rejoic-

City Chambers

ing ran with wine, and perhaps it does as well without such a concern, for the possibility of the City Fathers providing the necessary liquid for a thirsting populace is remote. Such wine as flows is poured out in the City Chambers, which, forming three sides of a square (known as the Royal Exchange), we can see on the north side of the High Street. A flagstaff on the roof will indicate to strangers that they are looking at the right building. These City Chambers are not externally pretentious, but within they are handsomely furnished, having excellent offices and cellars for storing divers goods, and also a museum, which is well worth inspecting. The Burns relics, which formerly were exhibited in the unpretentious Burns Monument, near Calton Hill, are now included in the municipal collection of curios. The visitor at once notices the want of an ornamental fountain when he inspects the small garden plot in the centre of the courtyard, but there is a prejudice against ornamental fountains in Edinburgh, which is one of the peculiarities of the city.

The recent extension and remodelling of the City Chambers led to the extinction of, among other institutions, John's Coffee-house, which was the last survivor of the classic taverns of Edinburgh; and where once legal and municipal worthies were wont to hob-nob over the meridian cup of strong waters, or over the evening bowl of punch, we now find a modern building devoted to the licensing of hackney carriages and automobiles. The spirit of

good fellowship still, however, hangs about the locality, and the cake and wine banquets which are held in the Council Chambers, when excuse for such arises, are heartily enjoyed by the members of the Council and their invited guests, which latter are known locally as "representative citizens." Imposing displays

The colonnade which separates the Council Chambers from the world and the pavement is a very modern affair, and one can remember the unsightly nest of shaving dives, newsagents' dens, and shell- and fried-fish lounges which occupied its site. It is through one of the arches that the City Fathers come forth, in their red robes of office, walking with stately tread, to pay an official, and it may be perfunctory, visit to St. Giles'. Through the arch also they emerge, clad in their finery, seated in hired chariots, bound for some noble pageant, such, for instance, as the Lord High Commissioner's procession to open the Assemblies of the Church. On such occasions it is only the rooted aversion of the plebeian Scotsman to bow the knee to anything human which prevents an admiring populace from falling down on their knees in an ecstasy of adoration.

Less soul-stirring, but not a whit less pleasing, is the occasional spectacle of a procession of hired carriages emerging from an archway containing the municipal representatives with guests from other municipalities, bound on a tour

Municipal "smokes"

of inspection of slaughter-houses, refuse destructors, wash-houses, sewage works, swimming baths, free libraries, and what not. The noble company come forth from a banquet of cake and wine, each man with a municipal cigar in his mouth, and if we have doubts as to the excellence of the municipal "smokes," an inspection (should one be permitted) of the cigar manufacturer's name and address as set forth on the paper bands which encircle the choice weeds will remove those doubts, for etiquette demands that these labels should not be removed, and they are proudly flaunted in the faces of admiring citizens who can tell a good smoke when they see it.

Withdrawing our reverent eyes from the City Chambers, we go back on our tracks to the Market Cross, and, bearing to the right, or by the compass S.S.W., we enter the gloomy Parliament Square, which now occupies the site of a prosperous graveyard of olden times. Here several Government offices, including H.M. Exchequer and the Board of Works, give employment to many worthy civil servants of His Majesty. The equestrian statue of King Charles II., which confronts us, is composed of lead, and whether we be of Jacobite tendencies or otherwise, we must admire the seat of the Royal horseman, who seemingly rode without stirrups and without a superabundance of clothing.

A little to the right, or west, of the statue we

religiously doff our hats to the stone slab in the ground bearing the inscription in letters of brass, "I. K. 1572." This slab marks the last resting-place of John Knox, of whom we have heard so much, and it is the author's painful duty to chronicle the fact that within the past year the grave of the eminent divine has been desecrated in a most shameless manner without complaint being made by the clergy or anybody else. The rude hands of navvies, plumbers, and sanitary and electrical engineers were, during the year past, busily engaged in disturbing the repose of the Scottish Reformer, and not a single outcry was heard. Because the drainage and lighting scheme of the Law Courts required the attentions of these necessary but unromantic tradesmen poor John Knox had his sepulchre defiled by their rude hands, and if there be retribution in the form of inferior drainage or inadequate lighting in the Parliament House, the Board of Works people who superintended the unhallowed act will be ill-advised if they seek to throw blame on their underlings, who doubtless, did not, and do not, appreciate the enormity of their offence.

A desecrated tomb

Let us brush aside the gloomy feelings engendered by contemplation of man's callousness, and devote some attention to the Courts of Law, of Justice, and of Equity which are conducted within the Parliament House, where we now arrive.

## XIV

### Parliament House

Classical language

ENVIRONMENT has a lot to do with the shaping of one's thoughts and language, and not unnaturally we who are desirous of acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of Edinburgh's real outstanding feature —her Law Courts—are disposed to clothe our thoughts in classical language of the legal sort by saying to ourselves that we will go at our enterprise *ab ovo usque ad centrum et etiam ad finem*. There is a suggestion of dignity about these very fine Latin words which will lead us to pause for a moment and inquire as to their import and meaning. Let us interpret the words freely to mean that if we are to acquire a correct impression of the Supreme Law Courts of Scotland we must devote more than five, or ten, or twenty minutes to our inspection of the same, and any stray law apprentice about Parliament Square, if we approach him, will lay aside his cigarette and courteously assure us that, while five minutes is more than enough to suit the tastes of him, the apprentice, there is sense in the inquiring outsider seeking to acquaint himself with Scotland's premier legal institution by starting his study of it early in the

morning, and quitting it only when the door-keeper bids him begone in the afternoon. **Early and late**

The sittings of the Court run as follows, viz. :— The winter session begins on 15th October and ends on 20th March, while the summer session runs from 12th May until 20th July. The remainder of the year is held as vacation, while during the winter session there is an adjournment for a fortnight at Christmas and a further adjournment for a week during February. On Mondays the Court does not sit, and on the 15th of May and 11th of November fitting respect is shown to Whitsunday and Martinmas terms by the Court abstaining from work. The stranger desirous of seeing the legal machinery in motion will pay attention to the dates given, so that his visit may be timed to coincide with a day when the Court is not on holiday.

At half-past nine a.m. we will do well to commence our explorations and investigations by taking up a position under the arches of the passageway or pavement which runs right along the front of the building. There is nothing of architectural beauty to admire in the façade of the Law Courts, for the general aspect is gloomy and dismal, and as the modern building dates from 1808 (improved in 1829), antiquity cannot be put forward as explaining why Scotland's Supreme Courts should present such a forbidding front to the world. The Four Courts of Dublin are every

**The depressed litigant**

whit as dingy, outwardly, as the Parliament House buildings, but there is a cheerful filthiness about them which puts the anxious Irish litigant at his ease when approaching them, while the litigant of Scotland, as he comes under the shadow of the Law Courts in Edinburgh, becomes visibly depressed, which is perhaps just what is expected of him.

Let us bestow a glance of pity on those poor wretches who begin to loiter outside the unpretentious entrance door, for they are litigants who have come up to town to skin or to be "skun," and their lot is an unenviable one either way. The miserable creatures begin to experience feelings of genuine terror as a spring van drives up, from which a number of red cloth bags are emptied out on the flagged pavement where we stand. These bags are, not unreasonably, believed to be filled with slips bearing losing and winning numbers to be drawn on the Art Union principle for the decision of the various actions, but, of course, this is absurd, for these are the bags containing the papers of the various barristers (or "advocates"), whose dwellings being situated in the distant New Town necessitates the employment of a contractor to convey their legal impedimenta to the Court in a spring van. The bags are quickly conveyed inside the building and distributed among the wooden boxes belonging to the legal gentlemen, which boxes are publicly stored in racks in the corridor.

The spring van arrangement is a private enterprise. A more interesting vehicular display is provided when the official papers to be used in Court arrive. Among the many wheeled vehicles owned by His Majesty the King certain two-wheeled barrows are worthy of honourable mention, and these we observe approaching our stance. There are two of them, painted a Royal red, and they are in capital condition. They will hold their own with any barrows in the kingdom, those of the co-operative stores not excepted, and if the four servants of His Majesty who act as beasts of burden and of traction were provided with Royal liveries, the barrow procession from the Register House to the Parliament House would rank as one of the most imposing State functions of the day. Those Royal hurlies contain documents belonging to the State, the carpet bags which compose their cargoes being filled with the papers to be used in the Court of Session in the various actions, and it is a pity that their progress through the streets has not the same importance attached to it as the conveyance of military canned food stores to barracks, which calls for the attendance of an honourable armed escort. Scotland is the originator of the legal barrow system, and no imitators have daringly come forward to dispute her title to the copyright. This may be explained by the fact that only in the Supreme Courts of Scotland is it found convenient to have the Court offices separated from the Court

**The King's barrows**

A collector of relics

buildings. The copyright is in no danger of infringement.

Precisely at 9.45 a.m. the collector of cigar and cigarette stumps arrives and prepares for his morning harvest by doing a shambling sort of fisherman's walk—four steps and a turn—up and down the gutter. Unlike his Parisian brother, he carries no spearing implement, but his collection does not suffer on that account, and whether he gathers the half-smoked regalias and the diminutive stumps of cigarettes with the view of holding them up as possible relics of great men, or otherwise sells his accumulated stores to the manufacturers of snuff and shag tobacco, he has no reason to complain of a bad harvest.

Between 9.45 a.m. and 10 o'clock the various officials and clerks employed about the Court are to be seen straggling in, and with them the attorneys or agents with work on hand make an appearance. These persons generally have a thriving and well-nourished aspect, which contrasts strangely with the lean and hungry looks of the members of the bar, who come trooping in on the stroke of ten. Most respectably attired in silken hats and morning coats of black these "advocates" hasten to don wig and gown and get started to the work of the day. The legal men of a past generation cultivated flesh in goodly quantities upon their bones, but those of to-day seem to run to leanness. Chaucer's "Scholar of Oxenford," and also "Eugene

Aram," have been described as being like unto our modern men of law. Though skinny, they look fit and active enough outside the Court, and we will see later whether their fitness and activity are distinguishing features of their indoor demeanour. **Skinny, but fit**

From ten to ten-ten (as railway men say) the carriages of the judges drive up and deliver their occupants into the hands of the Masters of the Robes, who drape the senatorial persons in their judicial *togæ*. If we have counted thirteen arrivals by carriage we know that all the judges are in attendance, but as some of them are known to walk to Court, and as the unlucky number thirteen is responsible for absences through illness, we need not hang about counting the arrivals. Let us get within in time to see the machinery put in motion.

Not having the misfortune to be litigants, we enter the dread portals with the feelings of ordinary, rational human beings, and at once it strikes us that there is no arrogant pretentiousness about the entrance doorway. So unassuming is the doorway that strangers are disinclined to believe that it leads to the Supreme Courts of Scotland. A closer acquaintance with the policy of penury and make-shift peculiar to Scotland will soon convince them that, for an official doorway, it is quite a magnificent concern. So let us pass in. There is, unlike what we have experienced at St. Giles' Cathedral, no charge made for admission to the

An expensive place

Law Courts, but this circumstance does not prevent persons who have been engaged in litigations from declaring that the Parliament House is, without doubt, the most expensive place to visit in Scotland.

The timid stranger, fearful lest he should be lost in the course of a tour of inspection of the Courts, is at once agreeably surprised by the diminutive appearance of the entrance lobby—lobby, in good truth, for hall it is not. A Maskelyne sort of cabinet, painted to resemble mahogany, occupies the most of the space in this lobby. That is the outward shell of the refreshment buffet, which ought to be (but is not) certified to accommodate five able-bodied lunchers. Those advocates who lunch therein have no reason to regret their exceeding great leanness. To the left of this cabinet a newly constructed telegraph office is surmounted by a pleasing balcony, with an artistic wooden railing, which suggests possibilities for tea-drinking by beauteous ladies visiting their legal friends. The balcony is, however, a fraud, a dummy, for there is no floor whereon a tea lay-out may be placed. The supposed balcony merely masks a secret staircase which is used by the Crown counsel and Crown officials when they descend from the Crown Office to the Parliament House. Fabulous sums are being expended on improving the Law Courts of Scotland (indeed, it is said a sum of £20,000 has not been grudged), and the

dummy balcony may be taken as an earnest of the whole-hearted manner in which Scotland's needs are being gauged by those who control the national purse strings in London. Parliament Hall

In pleasing contrast to this phantom balcony is the aspect of genuine solidity of the great Parliament Hall, which we enter through swing doors. This hall dates from 1639, and although tinkerings and renovations at different times have been responsible for much of the original structure being replaced by modern material, the whole of the contour of the building is now as it was when erected. The beams of the heavily timbered roof are probably the most antique portions of it, and even these have not escaped the improving hands of modern tradesmen, for the carved heads have been embellished with gold leaf and with incandescent electric bulbs, and on a dull day when the lights are turned on the contrast between the old and new is striking.

Unlike the timbered roof beams, the oaken floor is a modern affair, the old flooring having become worn out by the feet of generations of promenading lawyers who have been able to afford the time to promenade. Oil-paint and oil-painted portraits of deceased legal luminaries decorate the walls which once were hung with tapestries, while several marble statues of departed lawyers of note encourage the young advocate to hope that, like the French soldier who carries a field-marshal's baton

**The great window**

in his knapsack, each member of the bar conceals a marble statue with laudatory inscription beneath his stuff gown.

People who go sight-seeing ought to possess the faculty of involuntarily regulating their course according to the points of the compass, and the stranger is now requested to turn his eyes to the south end of Parliament Hall. As the hall runs in length due north and south, this should not be a difficult feat, but to enable the slovenly *voyageur* to correct his bearings it may be pointed out that the great window of richly-coloured glass is inserted in the southern gable. As the Court of Session procedure is regulated according to the provisions of an Act of Parliament, dated 1868, that year was a happy one, which also saw the installation of the stained-glass window symbolising the inauguration of the "College of Justice" (as the Court of Session is termed) by King James V. A beautiful picture is presented, well worth the £2000 which was paid as its cost to the two German artists who designed it.

From a rostrum right underneath the window the ushers or "macers" call out the cases to be heard in the different Courts, and there is great diversity of opinion as to which of these officials (there are seven of them) owns the sweetest voice. Being morning, we arrive at a time when everybody seems to be touched with terror or madness. Bells are ringing, macers are shouting, gowned figures are

whirling round corners, chased by ungowned figures which dog their steps. The trouble is for advocates to be in six, and sometimes seven, different Court-rooms at one and the same time, but they manage it nevertheless, and, as the feat is an exhausting one, we need not marvel at their leanness. It may be that their less-favoured brethren—the briefless one—keep themselves in training for the rushing work which they yearn for, and so avoid the putting on of flesh, or otherwise, it may be, they of design retain their spare figures to simulate the busy life.

A difficult feat

By half-past ten the formal "motions" are over, and the real business of the day is begun in the several Courts. We can enter any of these, and admire the proceedings without charge. Behind the bell tower or rostrum referred to four unpretentious little dens are to be found, entrance to which we gain by glass doors. These are the "Outer House" Court-rooms, which, structurally, have for long been a standing reproach to Scotland, and it is satisfactory to know that part of the sum devoted to improving the Court buildings is being applied to the providing of more breathing space for those whose business lies in the Outer House. There are five Outer House judges, being the judges of first resort in the Supreme Court, and there are only four Court-rooms for their accommodation. "The odd man out" system is worked by each judge having a "blank day" during the five days of the week when the Court sits.

**A brilliant spectacle**

A brilliant spectacle may be seen each Saturday forenoon when the divorce cases are being worked off in these four Courts. Crowds of witnesses, male and female, of irreproachable character and the reverse, young and old, cleanly and uncleanly, are herded about the glass doors, waiting till the call comes for them to give evidence on oath. It is a delightfully primitive system this, which does not recognise the necessity of secluding witnesses and giving them decent accommodation while waiting for their turns, but those who are looking forward to figuring as witnesses in divorce actions will be interested to learn that the primitive system will soon be at an end, for a portion of the money being spent in improving the Court buildings is being applied to the building of witnesses' rooms.

The decisions of the Lords Ordinary who preside in the several Outer House Courts (as also the judgments of the Sheriff and other inferior Courts) are appealable to a higher tribunal, known as the "Inner House," which is divided into two divisions of four judges each, the First and the Second Divisions. They have the Court-rooms along the passage to the east, and the Court on our left hand —the First Division—is notable as being the scene of the official labours of Sir Walter Scott, who held office as a clerk of session. By all accounts his labours in Court were not heavy.

Each of these two superior tribunals has its President, who signs the judgments of Court *in*

*præsentio dominorum*, and persons who see in the newspapers official notices of orders pronounced by the First or the Second Division will please note that the letters "I.P.D." represent the three Latin words referred to. The Lord President of the whole Court (Lord Dunedin) is at the head of the First Division, while the Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Kingsburgh) presides over the Second Division. **More Latin**

The two Court-rooms of the Inner House are, compared with the Outer House cubicles, large, airy, and well-lit apartments, and each has a narrow gallery running round the four walls. Were we to visit the Parliament House at the beginning of a vacation we would see these Court-rooms being utilised for jury trials of civil actions, but, if luck be with us during session, we may see one of such trials in progress in the Justiciary Court-room.

Although the primary purpose of the Justiciary Court is that of a criminal tribunal, it is regularly used for civil jury trials, and there is, away to the extreme east, the New Court which is used for a similar purpose. The latter is loathed by everybody who has to resort thither, as it is situated 100 yards distant from the Parliament Hall, which is the centre of life in the building.

In the Justiciary Court some very important crimes have received attention from judge and jury, and, as each criminal trial draws crowds of greasy citizens of unwashed appearance into the gallery, the atmosphere is not so pure as it might

A mechanical trap-door

be. The chief object of interest in the Court-room is the felon's dock, no matter whether it contains gallows-meat or lies empty. If it be empty and the Court is unoccupied, we can improve our minds by inspecting the mechanical trap-door through which the prisoners, the villains of the play, have their exits and their entrances. By pressing a knob with the foot the trap-door flies open, revealing steps leading to underground cells, wherein prisoners on trial are temporarily accommodated. Should we find the Court unoccupied, and the dock consequently untenanted, we may press the knob. It is expected of strangers.

As like as not we will find a civil trial by jury going on in the Justiciary Court, presided over by a judge of the Outer House, whose cubicle is too small to accommodate a jury, and if by the time we have got this length the day is far spent, we may enjoy the spectacle of twelve men, more or less good and true, lending their valuable aid in unravelling legal mysteries. They have partaken of a mid-day meal these twelve individuals, and as they listen to the impressive oratory of a silk-gowned pleader we can read on their faces signs of troubled thought. What worries them is to know whether the pie which they have recently devoured is going to digest, or whether it is really judicial calm stealing over them which begets a desire for slumber. However, they must keep awake and hearken to the oratory; and, no doubt, they admire the

dexterity with which the silk-gowned orator practically demonstrates the working of a crane, a reaping machine, a winch, a villain's brain, or a maiden's heart with the aid of a quill pen and a piece of pink tape. They get 10s. per diem these men of the civil juries, and they also enjoy the luxury of a three-course mid-day dinner. The criminal jurymen in Scotland, or, more correctly, the jurymen sitting in criminal cases, get only the three-course dinner. Ocular demonstration

Should we be unable to find a jury trial in progress we can put in the time by inspecting the three libraries attached to the Parliament House, these being respectively the Advocates' Library, the Writers to the Signet Library, and the Solicitors of the Supreme Court Library. The first-named is the National Library of Scotland, and it will take more than the munificence of an American library-donating millionaire to wrest the title from it. The collection of books and manuscripts in this library is a very valuable one, and it is constantly receiving additions privately donated, and also from public sources, as a copy of each book published in Great Britain must be deposited in it by the publishers.

We may instruct ourselves in elocution, if we desire so to do, by listening to the pleaders in the various Courts. There are many dialects of Scotland represented with more or less successful efforts made to obliterate signs of dialect, and there

Tireless pedestrianism

is a uniformity of practice in maltreating the aspirate "h" and the final "g" of present participles. "M' Lud" and "Me Lad" are terms which may frequently be heard.

A few minutes may be pleasantly spent in admiring the crowd of promenading men of law in their legal finery, as up and down the great hall they tread with tireless feet. Many of them would prefer to have employment of a more lucrative sort than pedestrianism, but these, as they promenade up and down, have always the consolation afforded them by politics, which are discussed with much spirit and enthusiasm by the various promenaders, and the stranger will please note that Parliament House is the stronghold of politics in Scotland. Unlike a poet, a candidate for Parliament is "made, not born," and in the legal sanctuary ready-made articles to suit all requirements can be got on a moment's notice.

A foolish prejudice, begotten of ignorance or envy, or both, is entertained against lawyers, who are supposed to be rapacious creatures endowed with shark-like proclivities, which are exercised in annexing honest men's property. That prejudice is unworthily conceived, so far as the frequenters of Parliament House are concerned, and a certain collector for a local charity can, if he likes, bear out the truth of this statement. He left a tin collecting box in the outer lobby to be filled up with the contributions of charitable lawyers, and,

being new to the collecting work, he was rather perturbed by the statement made to him in the evening by a more experienced collector, "My boy, you will never see that box again." Back he went to the Halls of Justice the first thing next morning, and with much joy discovered the tin box safe and sound. It had not been tampered with in any way since he had left it on the previous morning, and he departed with a heart as light as the box.

Proof of honesty

Having had an intellectual treat, such as we do not get every day, we pass out into the cold world of reality, and continue our journey towards Holyrood, which has been interrupted.

## XV

### Castle to Holyrood—*continued*

**Police chambers**

The inhabitants of Edinburgh are an imitative lot, and many London fashions are with some show of eagerness adopted by them, but, strange to say, the Police Court cult, as known in London, has as yet found few votaries among the fashionables of our northern capital. The Police Court, which lies within the corner building beside the Market Cross, is never crowded during the morning séances with beautiful or beautifully upholstered females of the world of fashion, so no inducement is offered to the stranger to inspect the interior, which is as handsome as any Police Court interior in Scotland. As we pass the precincts of the Criminal Investigation Department we see some fine types of manhood figuring as detectives going and coming. Should we mistake them for police constables in mufti, any obliging street urchin will correct our mistake on application, for the "D's" (as detectives are called vulgarly) are all well known and highly respected by the populace inhabiting the neighbourhood about here.

We cannot control our luck, but we may, if we like, arrange our procession so as to arrive outside

Fishmarket Close just as noon is striking. Outside the entrance to the charge-room of the Police Office we observe a circular arrangement of the stone setts of the causeway, and again we tell ourselves that the paving authorities have been at their historical work. This arrangement marks the spot where the real old Market Cross stood, the fine old cross where burghers were wont to meet for gossip and where whippings and ear and tongue slicings and piercings were gone about in right hearty style. It was at the Cross that people were "put to the horn," outlawed, and declared rebels, and at the present day the mystic circle which takes the place of the old Cross is the official *locus* for fulfilling certain legal functions.

**The Old Cross**

> Hither came at noon mournful Ænone,
> Wandering forlorn of—

"One fine horse-hair and mehoggany sofy, ladies and gents. What's bid? Two bob bid. Any advance on two bob? Two-and-three's bid by Papa Benjamin. Any advance? Going at two-three, going, gone at two-three to Mr. Benjamin." The place is used for the "rouping" of goods and gear of persons who have omitted to pay their taxes, and the modern burghers, worthy and unworthy, who meet there are either engaged professionally as brokers on the hunt for ridiculous bargains or are loafers who find diversion in anything, however trivial. An enormous concourse of fashionable people, however, turned out a year ago

A female suffragist

to see a certain article of furniture "roupit" because of the failure of its lady owner to pay her imperial taxes, she being an advocate of female suffrage, and the farce was gone through of having the article sold and privately bought back for the owner, whose principles were thus supposed to be publicly upheld.

As we proceed downward towards Tron Kirk we observe a considerable difference in the signs of age presented by the buildings on the left of High Street and those on our right. The ancient buildings are on the left, and their venerable aspect from the front is as nothing compared to what may be seen from the rear if we care to venture down any of the numerous closes which lead to Cockburn Street. This side is almost wholly given over commercially to the sale of unredeemed pawnbrokers' pledges, while a few licensed lodging-houses are entered from the closes. In the year 1630 a public open-air banquet was held in the High Street to celebrate the birth of a Prince, who afterwards became King Charles II., and the chronicles bear that tables were laid from the Cross down to the Tron. The modern banqueting in the High Street is represented by a cheap eating-house, much frequented by the inmates of the licensed lodging-houses.

The right-hand block of buildings is more modern, and contains a freak show and waxwork exhibition, as well as several ice-cream and fried-fish lounges,

Allan's Close, High Street

cheap clothing establishments, an up-to-date public-house, and several closes running down to the Cowgate. There is less grandeur about the modern side than the other, and one regrets the conflagration which completely wiped out the lofty and picturesque rookeries in the year 1824. In that year a terrible fire devastated a great area, and the buildings which now stand on the ashes of the old-world edifices which were destroyed would, in the case of a modern conflagration, receive less distinguished attention than did their predecessors. The highest legal dignitaries in the year 1824 worked like heroes at the primitive pumps of the period, but the long and strong arm of the law was powerless to interdict the horrid flames from gaining a mastery.

**The great fire**

Whether it be that the occupants of the older tenements about here are cleaner, or have scantier wardrobes than their opposite neighbours, one cannot say, but there is a greater display of flannel underclothing hanging out of windows to dry on the north side than what we can see on the south side. Right down to Holyrood the window clothes drying may be noticed as an interesting feature, and it is safe to assume that many of the owners of the drying garments are lying in bed until the drying process is completed.

The Tron Kirk, which we are approaching, is one of the city parish churches, and, unlike St. Giles', there is no charge made for admission, as

Tron Kirk

the church is only open for worship on Sundays. It is a gloomy-looking edifice, which dates from 1663, though the spire was only erected in 1828 to replace a wooden one which was destroyed by the fire already referred to. The church took its name from the public weigh-beam, or *trone*, which stood just here, and as the weigh-beam was a "howff" of loafers in the old days, so now the locality is regarded with favour by numerous corner boys and dissolute keelies, who gather in crowds, which are ever and anon broken up and scattered by the police.

On each New Year's Eve dense crowds gather round the Tron Kirk to usher in the New Year accompanied by much melodeon music and great quantities of crude spirit, which latter is imbibed from the bottle-mouth. This ceremony of debauch is religiously observed year after year, and shows no signs of diminishing in popularity, notwithstanding the alleged improvement in the drinking habits of the citizens brought about by legislation of the repressive sort. Where the weigh-beam once stood is now, on New Year's Eve, regarded officially as the spot where people may go off their balance and, through drinking, land themselves on their beam ends.

Over to the left, Cockburn Street winds down to the Waverley Bridge and Princes Street, and simple rustic visitors will please be warned that, though a seemingly quiet and respectable thoroughfare,

the street has dangers to be guarded against. On Saturdays and on rural holidays bucolic persons making their way up Cockburn Street to view the waxworks and public-houses of the High Street are known to be approached by genial strangers who have the glad hand and the hearty pat on the back ready for them, and acquaintances made in this informal fashion generally end in the skinning of the trustful ones from the country. Fountain pens and rings alleged to have been stolen are sometimes offered for sale in this street by furtive individuals, but the trade is a bogus one, as bogus as the foreign goods trade carried on by Jew pedlars disguised as salt-sea mariners. Cockburn Street

A trip down Cockburn Street will reveal the glorious vision of Edinburgh's loftiest tenement—the back of the City Chambers. In the newly-built portion of same a lift has been instituted for the use of persons having municipal business to transact up above, and a very handy thing this has been found by many individuals who have no municipal business to transact except the use of the municipal lift which elevates them to the High Street level free of charge.

Another digression may be made in our itinerary by proceeding a little way down the handsome North Bridge, on the eastern parapet of which an interesting monument has lately been erected to the memory of the soldiers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers who fell in South Africa. Very

"Scotsman" buildings

imposing new buildings and shops line both sides of North Bridge Street, which approaches the bridge itself, notably the *Scotsman* publishing offices on the western side. These are, without question, the most magnificent newspaper buildings in Great Britain, while the plant and machinery within doors will hold their own with those of any newspaper in the world.

Those desirous of leaving the procession to make an inspection of the University, the Empire Palace (of Varieties), the Surgeons' Hall, the Salvation Army headquarters, or the southern suburbs, may safely follow the tramway lines up the South Bridge, but the present itinerary shapes its course Holyroodwards, and the faithful processionists will hold to the course due east. The second portion of High Street has the old buildings on the right, while modern architectural monstrosities are to be seen on the left hand. "A teetotal hotel" revels in the possession of one of the old-fashioned staircases, or "fore-stairs," as an entrance, while the elaborate displays of flannel undergarments hung out of windows to dry may be taken as marking the genuinely ancient side of the street.

The left side from North Bridge down to John Knox's House is miserably modern, and the most unpicturesque building in Edinburgh is situated half-way down the block. It is a two-storey concern of sickly pink colour, which stands on the ground where a historical event took place. A

famous old tenement which stood here collapsed on a Sunday morning in the year 1861, and a young man who was buried in the wreckage indicated his whereabouts to the rescue party by shouting, "Heave awa', lads, I'm no deid yet!" He was saved, and to commemorate the event a coffee tavern, known as "The Heave Awa' Coffee and Dining Rooms," has been opened. Americans who have a meaning of their own for the word "heave" will, no doubt, feel shy about visiting this coffee-house. Heave awa'!

Although there are no authentic records extant to prove that John Knox actually did inhabit the projecting house on our left which obstructs our view of the Canongate, a groundwork of surmise has been sufficient to encourage the popular belief that the Reformer dwelt and died in this ancient and well-preserved edifice, whose ground floor serves admirably as a shop wherein historical works may be purchased by the inquisitive. "John Knox And His House" may be recommended to the notice of inquiring tourists, who will get excellent value for the shilling, which is the price of the work.

Antiquarians have done their best to prove that Knox really did inhabit the house, but a good deal of conjecture has been imported into their theories. Strange it is that none of the delvers into ancient lore have seen fit to accept the theory which may here be put forward, viz., that the effigy of Moses pointing to the sun, which one may see on the south-western angle of the building, was at one

Knox's beard

time accepted as sufficient evidence of John Knox having inhabited the dwelling. The patriarchal habit of cultivating a flowing beard was peculiar to ancient and non-hygienic times, and as the graven figure of Moses addressing the sun is adorned with a hirsute ornament, and as John Knox followed the example of the patriarch by cultivating chin-locks, some minds may naturally have mistaken the one individual for the other.

As no other edifice in Edinburgh has had claims put forward on its behalf as having been a manse occupied by the eminent divine, it is as easy to accept as correct the theory that John Knox inhabited what is now known as John Knox's House, as to accept any theory to the contrary. If he really did inhabit it, he would have found it a manse conveniently situated in close proximity to St. Giles', where he ministered. The musket ball fired at him through the window of his dining-room has never been found, but the window of the dining-room and the dining-room itself are there to-day as evidences of an attempt on his life by religious enemies. Without faith we cannot live (as floaters of public companies will testify), and Edinburgh is lucky in having a house of venerable aspect which she can show to outsiders as the abiding place of one of the world's great men. The Free Church of Scotland has to be congratulated on having acquired as their own this valuable historical property, and as visitors desirous of inspect-

ing the interior are only charged a nominal sixpence for admission, it is to be hoped that they come not with minds burdened with doubts as to whether that sixpence is being expended on a sight of the authentic laboratory of a maker of ecclesiastical history. John Knox lived and died somewhere in Edinburgh, and here as easily as elsewhere. Good heavens! are we to be eternally doubting things? If John Knox did not dwell here, it is certain that James Mosman, some time goldsmith in Edinburgh, owned the house, for the tablet on the western front bears the Mosman arms, with the initials "J. M." and "M. A.," representing the names of the ex-jeweller and his spouse, Mariot Arres, and the dwelling-house vacated for political reasons by an Edinburgh goldsmith was surely good enough to be the abode of an ecclesiastic who worked hard for every penny he earned. Give the present edifice as a manse to a modern ecclesiastic, and complaints will be made that the quarters are cramped, the locality low and vulgar, and the view from the windows disgusting. If John Knox lived here he complained not of such things, and the affluent stranger is recommended to pay his sixpence entry money to view the interesting interior, where distinguished personages are believed to have interviewed the strong man of his time. If he lived and died within the building, as no doubt he did, the chamber where his spirit passed away and the cubicle wherein he meditated will be inspected with fitting reverence.

Knox's manse

A worthy sentiment

The inscription on the western wall—

Lvfe · God · Above · Al · and · Yi ·
Nichtbovr · As · Yi · self ·

—though an ancient one, draws our attention to the fact that toleration of religious opponents' beliefs is more in evidence to-day than it was in the time of John Knox, for a large Catholic population is to be found living unmolested in the High Street about here and in the Canongate beyond, and the priests, who are constantly going their rounds in the district, are as free to come and go as are the Protestant missionaries of various denominations, who also labour in the locality. The inscription was probably the idea of Mosman, the owner of the house.

Jeffrey Street, an opening on the left a little way down, may be entered, if one desires, to view Trinity College Kirk, which was founded in 1422 by Mary of Gueldres. This church, with its lofty apse, originally stood in the valley below, until the construction of the North British Railway led to its being demolished. However, each stone and pillar was carefully numbered and stored away, and the present edifice was reconstructed, and was opened in the year 1877. The church may be inspected internally on Sundays, and on occasions when communion is dispensed a sight of a very valuable collection of ancient silver vessels may be had.

East of Jeffrey Street lies the ancient burgh of Canongate, which was founded in 1128, and had for

Bakehouse Close and back of Marquis of Huntly's House, Canongate

long an existence entirely separate from Edinburgh, from which it was partitioned off by the city wall and Netherbow Port. A little way down on the left side a strange object of interest presents itself in the sculptured form of the trunk of a Moor placed on the front of the building known as the Morocco Land. Tradition has it that it represents an illustrious Scot, named Andrew Gray, who, like his modern countryman, Kaid Maclean, achieved distinction in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, and who, in or about the year 1645, returned romantically to Edinburgh, his native city, where he married the Provost's daughter, and lived happy ever after in the Canongate. Canongate

The houses in the Canongate have an aspect of great age, and many quaint carvings may be found on lintels and house fronts, which in some cases authenticate the dates when the houses were built, but it requires some imagination to connect this now squalid district with a past when rank, fashion, and beauty had the place as their own. From turnpike stairs slatternly females now emerge on errands of alcoholic import, where formerly dainty ladies came forth to take the air in stuffy sedan chairs. The gay courtiers of old have given place to a race of men and women who attend Courts under compulsion, for the police laws of to-day are stringent.

Queensberry House, formerly a great mansion of a noble family, now serves as a refuge for the

Canongate Tolbooth

destitute. Moray House, also a mansion in olden times, now does duty as a school and training college, while the old Canongate Tolbooth, with its front ornamented by carvings and a projecting clock of modern manufacture, now does duty as a public-house and a legal dispensary, in which latter poor people have the privilege of obtaining legal advice gratis—a very modern institution this.

Explorers are recommended to make a study of the names of the numerous "closes" passed as the pilgrimage progresses, and a visit to the courts at the further ends of many of these closes will prove interesting to the student of ancient architecture. By entering through what is called a "pend" on the right side of Canongate a strange contrast between squalor and quiet respectability may be noticed. This is St. John's Street, which has self-contained or "main door" dwelling-houses as genteel of aspect as any to be found in George Square.

About half-way down the Canongate on the left side Canongate Church and graveyard may be seen. The church dates from 1688, and displays on its front the arms of the ancient burgh of Canongate, a stag's head and cross. The graveyard contains the remains of many men eminent in their day, notably Dugald Stewart, Robert Fergusson, the poet (to whose memory a tombstone was erected by Robert Burns), and Adam Smith.

Ere we arrive at the Abbey Strand, at the foot

Old Tolbooth, Canongate

of the declivity, we have ample evidences brought to our notice that there is much beer-making in progress, and if we care to turn to the right, pass through the Horse Wynd, and explore the thoroughfare running parallel with Canongate on the south, known as South Back of Canongate, we will have our eyes opened to a commercial aspect of modern Edinburgh which will take strangers rather by surprise. In this neighbourhood the name of Younger is called blessed by a great number of workpeople, who find steady employment in the various detached establishments of William Younger's breweries. Curiously enough, a home for female inebriates, Queensberry Lodge, is placed right in the heart of the breweries, and the delicious aroma which pervades the atmosphere will perhaps reconcile the ladies undergoing reformation to the cloistered life. **Beer making**

Passing the detached building, which formerly was used as Royal stables, and which now serves as a guard room for the sentries stationed at Holyrood, and at the north end of which the Abbey Courthouse is situated, we find ourselves in sight of Holyrood Palace, which, being Crown property, is guarded by a sentry, who casts envious glances at strangers, who are not compelled to simulate the motions of caged beasts for a livelihood. We may pass within free of charge.

## XVI

### Holyrood and its Environs

Queen Mary's troubles

THE stranger has, it may be taken for granted, some knowledge of the sad history of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose greatest misfortune it was to have been born of Royal parentage. John Knox (from whom we cannot escape) was married twice, yet it may be doubted whether he really understood women or took pains to acquaint himself with their little ways. He failed to recognise that his Sovereign, besides being a Queen, was also a woman, when he laid himself out to correct what he believed to be her faults—her lightheartedness and her adherence to the faith in which she had been brought up. The young Queen's sojourn in Holyrood had not its gaiety increased by the reverend gentleman's interference with her plans, for he visited her in the Palace, and caused her no end of annoyance by his thundering but dismal denunciations of her conduct.

The present comfortably upholstered State apartments differ considerably from those occupied by Mary and her retinue, and a young and high-spirited lady coming straight from the gaiety of a French Court to take up residence in a sombre

Palace, such as Holyrood was then and is now, was bound to be handicapped in her career as a Scottish Sovereign. We who enter the building now as modern sightseers can readily believe that the young Queen was but making the best of a bad job when she sought to liven up the Palace by making the Scottish Court as gay as her means permitted. What a tragic introduction to her Scottish subjects was hers! She occupied a suite of rooms on the ground floor, and on the night of her arrival in the Palace a crowd of alleged musicians and choristers, six hundred strong, made a most hideous uproar outside her windows by playing on fiddles and "little rebecs," accompanied by much discordant shouting of Psalms. Even the eternal Knox could say no more in favour of the breakers of the peace than that "they were a company of honest men who, with instruments of music, gave her their salutations at her chamber window." It is not to be wondered at that the young Queen lost no time in changing to the apartments which are now shown as the rooms inhabited by her. We would do the same ourselves in our own palaces under similar circumstances.

**A breach of the peace**

On view are the audience chamber, where John —an eminent divine, let us say—interviewed Mary, and in which the bed occupied (at different times) by Charles I. and by Prince Charles Edward is to be seen. Queen Mary's bedroom contains the Royal bedstead, whose draperies are secured

Rizzio's blood

against the depredations of vandal relic hunters by a metal cage, but the red cords, which formerly in the supper-room guarded the historical splash of Rizzio's blood, are no longer required, as the blood-stained mark is not renovated with the regularity which used to be observed. The great gallery of portraits may be recommended to the notice of millionaires who contemplate collecting an array of ancestral pictorial misrepresentations. The Royal portraits are mostly from the brush of an industrious contracting Flemish artist, named Jacob de Urt, whose lucrative art has modern disciples wherever ancestral family portraits are in demand.

Students of ecclesiastical architecture will find much to interest them in the ruins of the old Abbey Church of Holyrood, which stands on the northern side of the Palace. The church dates from the twelfth century, having been founded by King David I. as a thanksoffering for an escape from death at the horns of a snow-white stag which attacked him with great brutality when a-hunting he did go. The ravages of time and of men (the latter including, alas! certain old-time students of the University of Edinburgh) have dealt hardly with what is now in reality the Chapel Royal of Scotland, and though a handsome bequest by a Scottish nobleman is available for restoring the church to something like its former state, there is small chance of the bequest being used owing to the modern tendency to look gift-horses too closely

in the mouth, and the further modern and singularly unhappy tendency to encourage lawyers to construe anything and everything which is written with intent good or bad. The proximity of the Abbey to the capital is against its restoration. The notorious Usher Hall of Edinburgh still retains its airy architectural resemblance to the castles of Spain, and the invisible architectural beauties of the said hall will be referred to in another place.

The castles of Spain

The sanitary arrangements of Holyrood Palace are perfect, these having within the last three years received the anxious attention of H.M. Board of Works. Much money was formerly saved through being withheld from Scotland by a diligent abstention from devoting attention to, among other things, Scottish drains, and it was only through the Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland of a few years back declining to reside within the insanitary Holyrood Palace that the groaning London purse-string pullers were shamed into spending—or wasting—money in installing adequate sanitary fittings into the Royal building. Scotland for ever! Yea, truly, for ever, in the economies which help to meet disbursements for Saxon and Hibernian extravagances.

The plumbing of the ornamental fountain out in the square is adequate, and no parsimony in water supply is exhibited. The fountain is not, as strangers may suppose, Edinburgh municipal property, but belongs to the State. It was erected

A bath of wine

by Prince Albert as a copy of an older fountain which formerly stood within the Palace quadrangle. Though the oldest portion of the Palace dates from 1503, the iron frame for a canopy which disfigures the entrance doorway is entirely modern.

There must have been beauty specialists in the time of Queen Mary, otherwise who would tell her that a bath of white wine was improving to health and good looks? She took her bath of white wine regularly, and while spirits and beer have in modern times supplanted wine in popular favour, there is good reason to believe that, did their means afford the luxury, many of the ladies of the Holyrood district would regard the alcoholic bath as a daily necessary. The bath-house is a small turreted building, lying to the left of the northern gates which stretch across the roadway. If beauty specialists there were in Mary's time, depend on it the bath-house was the place where they plied their mysterious arts.

Although it is a matter of past history, it may not be out of place to refer here to the right of sanctuary which existed at, near, in, and about the Abbey of Holyrood. Imprisonment for civil debt was in Scotland in force until the year 1880, and debtors whose liberties were in danger had the privilege of evading the clutches of creditors desirous of incarcerating them by fleeing to the sanctuary afforded by the very extensive precincts of the Abbey. The privilege was taken advantage

of by many debtors of all classes, for whose accommodation and comfort lodging-houses were conducted, and although the immunity from arrest was supposed to exist only for twenty-four hours, it was open to guests to sign a register kept by the Bailie of Holyrood, and thereby become permanent residents within the charmed boundaries. On Sundays they were free to roam at large over the city, and, if they cared to do so, even to pay their oppressive creditors friendly visits. In the "Chronicles of the Canongate" Scott quotes from Maitland a description of the boundaries of the refuge of the impecunious recluses, and, as showing that their movements were not unduly cramped, the excellent description may here be repeated. It was a circle, "beginning at the northern gate of the King's Park, thence running northways, is bounded on the left by the King's garden wall and the gutter or kennel in a line wherewith it crosses the High Street to the water gate, and, passing through the sewer, is bounded by the walls of the tennis court and physic garden, &c. It then follows the wall of the churchyard, joins the north-west wall of St. Ann's yards, and, going east to the Clack mill-house, turns southward to the turnstile in the King's Park wall, and includes the whole King's Park within the sanctuary." A charming demesne, extending to four miles and a quarter, embracing mountain, meadow, lake, and urban scenery, with right to fish and liberty to climb hills

The Sanctuary

A boon to Edinburgh

and crags, and yet the ungrateful dwellers within sanctuary disliked their habitation.

The Debtors Act of 1880 having abolished imprisonment for debt conferred a boon on many Edinburgh citizens, who now freely incur debts, knowing that their persons are not in danger. The district of the sanctuary is a *terra incognita* to such people, and, indeed, their fashionable raiment would cause much talk among the denizens of the district, who, poor, ignorant wretches, gauge financial stability by outward appearances.

Shaping a course southerly, we pass the Royal High School cricket field on the right, which, formerly a portion of the Royal Park, was gifted to the school by His Majesty the King, who, in so far as he was tutored by certain of the teaching staff, may be said to be a former pupil of the establishment. Turning our faces away from the adjacent breweries, we cannot but conjure up romantic feelings as we contemplate the grandeur of the Salisbury Crags which tower above us. Round their face there is cut a road known as the "Radical Road," which, however, is not frequented by politicians of any sort, and timid strangers need not hesitate to trust their persons and their valuables upon the same. The low road which follows the same course offers more attractions, perhaps, to the average pedestrian, and if we stick to it we avoid waste of tissue by abstention from indulgence in unnecessary exercise.

The unclean and crowded aspect of Dumbiedykes Road on our right as we progress, comes on our vision in striking contrast to the rugged, natural scenery on our left, but soon we get into a glen, where the architectural features of the buildings on St. Leonard's Hill are pleasantly kept at a distance. The cottage alleged to have been occupied by David Deans, some time cowfeeder, may be seen on the right slope, and for the history of the honest but narrow-minded feeder of kine and of his two comely daughters the stranger is referred to "The Heart of Midlothian," which has been published by several firms, including that of Thomas Nelson & Sons, whose works are situated a little back further to the south-west.

**David Deans' cottage**

Just at the gates on the right hand as we follow our course a choice of roads is offered. We are not going to leave the park, so we will pursue our journey eastward by one of two paths. That to the right leads to Portobello, *via* Duddingston village, which latter stands on the slopes above Duddingston Loch, a fine sheet of water, which before the seasons got out of joint was much resorted to for skating and curling purposes. The village has an old parish church, where Thomson, the artist-minister, officiated. There is also a classic hostelry, known as the "Sheep's Head Inn," lately modernised, but which still retains its old popularity as a resort for skittle players. Great breweries there are also near Duddingston, and at Craig-

Pigeon shooting

millar, near by; and at Peffermill, not far distant, sporting bookmakers and publicans, when spring begins to smell sweet in their nostrils, with guns and great valour, wage war on real live pigeons, which are, on the Monte Carlo principle, unloosed from traps.

Our course, however, should not follow the low road, but rather that which bears up to the left. It is the Queen's Drive, which we will traverse, as it leads back to civilisation, and a very fine drive, indeed, the late Queen Victoria found it. Passing along the edge of a precipitous cliff, known as Samson's Ribs, it runs due eastward for a considerable distance, affording us an excellent view of the surrounding scenery and of the breweries and loch, with the ruins of Craigmillar Castle visible further in the south. Winding sharply to the left, a mountain tarn, Dunsappie Loch (also a resort for skaters when frost permits), is passed, and then, again, turning to the left, we soon begin to descend to the plain below, and so back to Holyrood, taking due note of the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, which lie at the entrance to the Hunter's Bog, in which latter glen a military rifle range is situated.

St. Margaret's Loch by the roadside is a small sheet of water, and on its bosom during the summer months many rowing boats laden with nautical enthusiasts from the city chase one another round and round in a circle, while the sea-dogs on board chant a rollicking sailing song about an impossible

but pleasant gale which lies on their lee, as they go "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main." Mountain climbing

Those who admire mountain climbing are at liberty to make the ascent of Arthur's Seat free of charge, and the most difficult ascent is by the western slope, through a gap known as the "Guttit Haddie," or, in the unromantic tongue of the Saxon, as the "Disembowelled Haddock." This gap was caused many years ago by the bursting of a water-spout. An easier means of reaching the summit is afforded by approaching it through Hunter's Bog, and following a path up the shoulder to the right. Alpine stocks, ropes, and pick-axes are not required for an ascent of Arthur's Seat, but spirit flasks will be found acceptable companions when the keen air of the summit is felt. The history of Edinburgh is silent as to whether John Knox was given to climbing Arthur's Seat, so relic buyers will find no temptations to impoverish themselves on the summit. From what we hear of Knox, we may suspect he was not an athlete, and, no doubt, he had all the sporting instincts knocked out of him during his experience of the galleys of France, in which, let us hope for the credit of Scotland, he pulled a good oar.

## XVII

### Here and There

Croft-an-Righ

BEING in the neighbourhood of Holyrood, the reader will be well advised to take note of how agreeably in Edinburgh history blends with commerce by inspecting Croft-an-Righ House, which can be reached without difficulty. If we betake ourselves to the back of the eastmost wall enclosing the Palace gardens we find a straight, narrow path, railed on the right hand, leading towards Abbey-hill, and at the further end of it the venerable house, which at one time served as a residence for the Regent Moray, is to be found. It may be noticed in the course of the journey thitherwards that a handsome and serviceable gate has been inserted in the back wall of the Palace grounds, and a little later we will perceive its purpose. "Croft-an-Righ" is the Gaelic equivalent for the "King's Field," though a croft is by modern legislation deemed to be something more pretentious than a field, and so we are not surprised to find that the fine old turreted edifice forms part and portion of a great brewery, to wit, the brewery of Robert Younger, Limited, one of whose officials inhabits the historic building and revels in the luxury of an

electric door bell. The proximity of this brewery and that of Messrs. Steel, Coulson & Co., to the back door of the Palace, already referred to, suggests a friendly understanding between the worthy brewers and the occasional inmates of the Palace, and we may applaud the common sense of those who have slapped a back door in the high wall where formerly back door there was none. A back door

Leaving the ancient house and the adjoining breweries behind, we pass through a "pend," and enter Abbeyhill, only to meet with signs of yet more breweries, for the Edinburgh United Brewery Company here conducts operations, and turns out as palatable an article of commerce as any of the neighbouring concerns. A flight of steps serves as a short cut into the Abbey Mount, which leads up to the tramway car lines of the Portobello route. A large public Board school stands as a monument to the success in peopling the earth of the Abbeyhill and Easter Road inhabitants, and if President Roosevelt were to be in our company when doing our grand tour, he, the pioneer of the large family movement, would have his heart warmed by listening to the glad cries, yelps, and squeals of an infantile population totally out of proportion to the means of the various local parents. An Association football field—that of the Hibernians—lies a little way to the north, and the habitations of the owners of enormous families are in Edinburgh to be found in close proximity to football enclosures.

Swarming children

Out Dalry and Tynecastle way, in the west, where the Heart of Midlothian Club has its field, the swarms of children to be seen would positively frighten even a Roosevelt.

Unless we take an interest in professional football or swarming families, there is nothing to attract us in the region lying northwards, so we may follow the route of the car lines towards the city and pursue our course leisurely, admiring the grandeur of the scenery, which embraces rugged cliffs and hills, gasworks, glassworks, pickle laboratories, cemeteries, railway lines, and malting establishments on the left, and on the right the respectable Regent Terrace, whose chief distinguishing feature is the temptation offered to burglars by the continuous range of low-placed balconies which run along the frontage.

On our left, just where Regent Terrace ends, we find a small, round building on a slight eminence, which a ticket behind a railing declares to be "Burns' Monument," and it cannot be denied that the ticket serves a useful purpose, for there is nothing about the unpretentious structure to suggest a memorial to Scotland's poet. Admission is denied us, and, moreover, there is nothing to be seen within doors, so we will get ahead.

The Royal High School, on our right, is a day school, which has turned out many eminent scholars and athletes, though since it came under the domination of the local School Board a falling off

in both ranks has been experienced. The handsome jail, on our left, is that which has already attracted our favourable notice, and we may, in philosophic vein, speculate as to whether the carven anchors which adorn the several towers are emblematic of "Hope," or otherwise indicate a permanent anchorage for the storm-tossed. Calton Jail

Adjoining the jail is the old Calton graveyard, in which American visitors will find an object of interest in the Lincoln Monument, which was unveiled in 1893. This very fine monument, which stands in memory of the Scottish American soldiers who fell in the Civil War, represents a liberated negro slave in the act of returning thanks to Abraham Lincoln, who stands over his head on a pedestal, and the existence of this monument in the city is not within the knowledge of the majority of the citizens of Edinburgh.

The Calton Hill must be visited, and, in addition to the privilege of enjoying once more free of charge the view of the Firth of Forth and the Fife coast, there are to be inspected the City Observatory, the Dugald Stewart and the Playfair Monuments, the Scottish National Monument (an imposing array of pillars started in 1822, but as yet unfinished owing to the want of funds), some obsolete cannon from the Crimea, and, lastly, the Nelson Pillar or Monument, to the summit of which we may mount on payment of 3d. sterling, for here the tariff is the same as at St. Giles' Cathedral.

The time ball

There is a great ball rigged on a pole on the top of the pillar, which at one p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) drops as the time gun fires from the Castle, so the deaf in Edinburgh cannot complain of being ignored in the matter of the regulation of time. There is no getting away from the regulation of time in Edinburgh, and here, on the summit of Nelson's Monument, we may, if we are lucky, obtain an occasional glimpse of the figures of men doing time down below in the prison.

Descending to earth, we proceed along Waterloo Place, which is an eastward approach to Princes Street, and in it we find the old Post Office on the left doing duty as a temperance hotel, the Waterloo Hotel, on the right, doing duty as offices for the North British Railway Company, and the Inland Revenue Office, on the left, doing duty and claiming duties on behalf of a rapacious Government. The modern Post Office, also on the left beyond the Revenue Offices, is now having a large addition made to it, as may be seen by looking down from the Regent Arch or bridge which spans the entrance to the Calton Road below.

There is nothing like making Princes Street the centre of departure or arrival, because all tramway route lines meet in it, and being arrived once more at the east end of the thoroughfare a happy idea will be one which bids us board a tramcar for Nether Liberton, or one which offers a circular tour, *via* Newington, Morningside, and Bruntsfield, back

to Princes Street, with only one change of car, viz., at Churchhill, in the Morningside district. North Bridge

The route southwards lies across the handsome North Bridge, through North Bridge Street, where again we admire the *Scotsman* buildings on our right, and the Carlton Hotel and Patrick Thomson's drapery establishment on our left, and then we are taken through a very busy but unbeautiful thoroughfare known as "The Bridges," Nicolson Street, and Clerk Street, in which entire district, if we care to seek astonishing bargains in dry goods, we can spend many happy days. A little way past the Tron Kirk, and on the left, the original waxworks of Edinburgh are to be seen, and further up on the right hand we pass the Old University building, with its dome and great arched gates behind which latter the gravelled quadrangle, wherein smoking is strictly prohibited, may be seen. Beyond the University the Empire Palace (of Varieties) and the Royal College of Surgeons lie on the right and left respectively, and leaving these institutions behind we are whirled along with a celerity which, though reasonable, is not too great to permit of our admiring the window displays of shops, more shops, and still more shops, which line our route till we arrive in Newington, where villadom begins.

Handsome dwelling-houses, with gardens attached, extend right out almost to Liberton village, not far southwards, which village, being situated in the

**Newington** county, offers attractions to many people engaged in business in town, for the rates and taxes of the burgh are higher than those levied outside its boundaries.

The Newington residents are, for the most part, representatives of the aristocracy of retail trade in Edinburgh, and very worthy, hospitable people they are. They are supposed to be rather clannish and much given to discussing the affairs of their fellow-citizens, not only those of their district, but also those inhabiting other localities.

The car route for the circular tour branches off from the main line at Salisbury Place, at the beginning of the slope on which Newington is built, and passing on our right the Longmore Hospital for Incurables, we proceed through the Grange district, catching an occasional glimpse of Blackford Hill, with the National Observatory on the south, and past many charming residences and tenements (a graveyard being one of these), till we strike the main line of Morningside and Braid tramway route.

To the south lie the Braid Hills, on which an excellent golf course (municipally owned) offers recreation to those citizens who cannot afford to join one of the many private clubs of the city. The car terminus on a Saturday afternoon is a busy place indeed, and as one sniffs the pure air of the hills out here one may feel envious of the citizens of Edinburgh who, whether as golfers or

as pedestrians, are privileged to get at Nature by means of a cable car.

Braid and Morningside districts

The Braid and Morningside districts are of very recent growth, and are likely to go on extending to the south and west, for the solicitors, accountants, stockbrokers, and insurance men who abide out here find the tramway and suburban railway service to and from the city sufficient for their wants. Large numbers of paupers find accommodation in the City Poorhouse, which lies in a demesne of its own not far from the car terminus, and a little to the west, on Craiglockhart Hill, a veritable colony of mentally afflicted persons enjoy residence in a picturesque range of buildings. The Fever Hospital of the city lies on the south slope of Craiglockhart Hill, while on the other side of it a skating pond is privileged to receive frost in advance of any sheet of water near the city.

Besides benefiting the Braid and Morningside residenters, the cable car system is available to the respectable dwellers of Merchiston, who are many of them engaged in wholesale commerce. The word "Merchiston" should be pronounced as "Merkieston," and when our car, on the return journey to the city, surmounts the slope of Morningside Road we find the locality which rejoices in a name pronounced like that lying to our left, with Christ Church (Episcopal) serving as a landmark for us in case we have any doubts.

In our course towards the city we find solidly built tenements on both sides of the thoroughfare,

**Links and Meadows**

with well-appointed shops on the ground floor, which are of great convenience to the local landladies who look after the comfort of the young "parties" or "gents" inhabiting the tenements as lodgers.

The great expanse of meadow land lying to the east is one of Edinburgh's most valuable assets from a health point of view. The Bruntsfield Links, and further away the Meadows, are wonderful things to find in the heart of what is now a populous district, and, as the former serves as a short-hole golf course, and in places as a playground for children, while the latter are in summer a resort of cricketers of assorted ages, we may well imagine that, with open spaces so numerous in the city, the general health of the inhabitants is of the best. Alas! statistics prove otherwise, and the great Infirmary, which we see in the distance lying behind the trees to the north-east, is but one of the many institutions for the treatment of the physically afflicted, though it is true that surgical treatment is called for even in the healthiest communities, and the surgery of Edinburgh Infirmary is as good as the best anywhere.

The Bruntsfield and Warrender Park districts, which lie about the Links and the Meadows, are largely resorted to for residence by students attending the University, and those young gentlemen, when they care to detach themselves from an evening's study, find the King's Theatre, near the Tollcross, a very handy institution indeed, the variety programme submitted to their critical notice being

generally voted first-rate. Even on Sunday nights they have within easy reach the Barclay Church, which, no doubt, provides many a virtuous young man with the sure knowledge that his comrades are doing wrong when they hold Sunday evening bridge and poker parties. Barclay Church

The Tollcross as a centre of traffic is one of the busiest in the city. Three lines of tramways converge in it, while a fourth—the Gilmore Place line —will soon be added, and ordinary vehicular traffic is so much in evidence that the drovers who pilot their sheep and their cattle into Thornybauk, which leads to the slaughter-houses, have been recommended to get their droving done in the early morning, lest their tempers should be ruffled by having their progress impeded.

The car route to the right of the clock leads across country to the Grange district, which we have traversed, and the route lying right behind the clock passes through Lauriston, wherein anxious provision has been made for the care of the minds and the bodies of the citizens both young and old. The Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart lies a little way to the north-west of Lauriston Place United Free Church, which, again, faces the entrance to St. Catherine's Convent and Chapel. The Fire Station, at the corner of Lady Lawson Street, is placed conveniently so as to prevent the destruction by fire of the New Art School, which is being erected in the old Cattle Market, while the patients in the Chalmers Hospital, which is overlooked by the

**Fire Station** Fire Station, enjoy the privilege of listening to the stirring sounds attendant on the turning out of the brigade. The Jewish Synagogue lies in Graham Street, a quiet street on the left a little east of the Fire Station. Passing through a nest of dispensaries, where eyes, ears, throats, and skins receive attention, we reach Archibald Place, at the foot of which lies George Watson's College for boys, famous for turning out scholars, bursars, and athletes, and beyond on our left we have in view Heriot's Hospital, which was founded by "Jingling Geordie," once a jeweller of repute, the institution being now a day school, conducted successfully by that great body, George Heriot's Trust. The extensive Infirmary buildings on the right terminate at the Meadow Walk, beyond which lie the new University Medical School, the magnificent M'Ewan Hall (gifted by an eminent Edinburgh brewer to the University), and the Students' Union. On the southward side of these buildings lies sleepy George Square, once a fashionable place of residence, but now the abode of medicine men and dentists. Sir Walter Scott as a youth lived in George Square. The College of Agriculture and George Watson's Ladies' College lie on the north side of the square.

Following the car lines through Forrest Road we pass Greyfriars' Church, with its graveyard containing many historical tombs, and on the right Chambers Street, where the National Museum is situated. Here also are to be found the Argyle

Brewery, the Medical School for Women, and the Heriot-Watt College, where technical education is a speciality. **Heriot-Watt College**

Over George IV. Bridge the tramway route proceeds towards the Mound and Princes Street; the Sheriff Court buildings and the Free Library (where tramps do congregate) being situate respectively on the right and left sides. A pleasant glimpse of the slum known as the Cowgate may be obtained as we cross the bridge. It is an unsavoury locality, although it enjoys the distinction of having contained the house wherein Sir Walter Scott was born.

We know where we are when we reach Lawnmarket, so to change the scenery we will get us back to the Tollcross, and make an exit therefrom by Earl Grey Street, which runs into Lothian Road.

If we take an interest in shipping we may inspect Port Hopetoun, the terminus of the Union Canal, which is a fresh-water concern, though it does not always smell entirely fresh. This harbour lies on the left, and along Fountainbridge, on our right, John Henry Cooke's magnificent circus is well patronised during the winter months. On the western side the slaughter-houses lie, and beyond them the mammoth M'Ewan brewery is situated. A little further citywards the Lyceum Theatre is to be found in Grindlay Street, and after our arrival at the Caledonian Station we again recognise our whereabouts, and so may take a rest before prosecuting our researches further.

## XVIII

### Hither and Thither

National Exhibition

Gifted astrologers, necromancers, palmists, and crystal-gazers are the proper sort of persons to whom application should be made for advice concerning an unknown future. There are many such in Edinburgh, and the author is not one of them, so nothing can be put down in these pages concerning the National Exhibition at Saughton, excepting that the thing ought to receive all the patronage which strangers, as well as residents, can bestow on it. The tramcars, which will convey visitors to its gates, will bear the label "Gorgie," and it will be worth bearing in mind that both "G's" of the word are pronounced hard. At the west end of Princes Street a tramcar may be boarded for Gorgie, and, as the only objects of interest to be inspected on the route are swarming children, two important cemeteries, a Magdalene asylum, an Association football ground owned by a club conducted as a limited liability concern, a brewery, a distillery, some glueworks, and a few dairies, the journey to the Exhibition *locus* may be profitably postponed until the thing is in full swing

The west end of Princes Street is not what is known as the "West End" of Edinburgh, but it serves as a key to the latter, which comprehends a considerable number of neighbouring streets, gardens, squares, terraces, and mews lanes. A resident in Charlotte Square is not now entitled to claim rank as a "west ender," but that does not damage his prestige, for the square, notwithstanding the fact that three sides of it are occupied as offices and surgeries by attorneys, accountants, insurance companies, doctors, and dentists, has still its respectability maintained by the fourth, and north side, which is residential, and numbers the Marquis of Bute among its householders. The well-kept gardens have in the centre a fine equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, by Steell and A. A. Ritchie, which was unveiled in the year 1876 by the late Queen Victoria. **The West End**

Running eastwards from Charlotte Square, George Street extends to St. Andrew Square, and as a street proper it may be recommended to the notice of visitors, as handsome shops and buildings line both sides, and, though less pretentious than Princes Street, it presents a solid business aspect. Three statues in bronze stand at the intersection of Castle Street, Frederick Street, and Hanover Street, these being respectively of Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, William Pitt, and George IV. The Music Hall, the Commercial Bank, the Standard, Royal, and Caledonian Insurance Com-

**St. Andrew Square**

panies' offices, and St. Andrew's Parish Church are important buildings at the east end of the street.

St. Andrew Square, at the further end, is a counterpart of Charlotte Square, but it is wholly given over to finance and commerce, there being three great banks situated within it—the British Linen, the Royal, and the National—while among the many insurance offices may be mentioned the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Scottish Provident Institution, the Prudential, and the Scottish Union and National.

The gardens have as the chief ornament the lofty pillar known as the Melville Monument, erected in memory of Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, who was impeached and acquitted of a charge of abusing his position for financial profit. In the north-west corner of the square the Stock Exchange is situated.

Queen Street, once a quiet residential locality, lies parallel with George Street to the north, and now it is peopled with attorneys and accountants who have their offices there. Very fine gardens separate Queen Street from Heriot Row, which up to now can only complain of the presence of three solicitors' business premises, though its time is coming for a more general complaint being made. Between Queen Street and George Street, in the west, runs Castle Street, and in it the house once occupied by Sir Walter Scott is situated, as an inscription on a tablet informs us.

Coasting cyclists

Intersecting George Street, Queen Street, and Heriot Row, we find cable cars descending and ascending a steep slope running from Princes Street northwards towards the sea, and the slope is the joy of coasting cyclists, between whom and verdicts of manslaughter only the efficacy of their brakes intervenes.

Heriot Row leads westward into quiet Moray Place, where the great mansions of the aristocrats of the city surround beautiful gardens, and further west Ainslie Place harbours families a degree less in the aristocratic scale. Further west still the newer streets known as Drumsheugh Gardens and Rothesay Terrace contain large dwellings peopled with aristocrats of the modern school, and further beyond, still going westwards, the magnificent St. Mary's Cathedral rears its head. The church dates from 1879, and it was built with funds provided by the Coates family, whose ancient mansion is still to be seen in the Cathedral grounds, and one can hear some sort of mechanical engine connected with the organ clanking away merrily within the old walls.

The West End is a big district in Edinburgh, and as the present work is not a directory, the dwellers in aristocratic streets who feel aggrieved at their habitations not receiving honourable mention in these pages are here tendered the humble apologies of the writer, who expresses his belief that all the high-class residences in the district are replete

**Dean Bridge**

with modern comforts and luxuries, and have hot and cold water laid on in every flat.

What is of more importance than mere streets is the Dean Bridge, which spans a picturesque valley, in which, on the left or western side, one can see the village of Dean presenting a fraudulent aspect of antiquity to our notice. The quaint-looking, red-tiled dwellings are of recent date, and house working men's families, the younger members whereof, with their infantile yelps, drown the splash of the Water of Leith as it gently tumbles along towards the sea. A distillery, a flour mill, cabinetmaking works, and many stabulary concerns are to be found in the valley where Dean village is situate. To the right the view of the Firth of Forth and Inchkeith is a very fine one, while, by looking down to the river, 106 feet beneath, we are provided with a thrilling sensation of dizziness. This bridge has a gruesome history of suicides, and though successive Town Councils have been implored to place a railing of some sort on the parapet to stay crazy self-destroyers from their rash acts, the policy of pretending that a railing would spoil the scenery has been adopted. It has further been declared that a would-be suicide, if baulked at the Dean Bridge, would go elsewhere to destroy himself, and the municipal wisdom of succeeding generations has found it more desirable not to baulk self-destroyers in their enterprises than

to acknowledge the popularity of the bridge with suicides by the erection of a railing. The Episcopal Church of Holy Trinity on the further side of the bridge has a diminutive graveyard attached to it, but it must not be supposed that it is the official burial-place of persons who have fallen over Dean Bridge. St. Bernard's Well

The path which we can see running by the river-side below leads to St. Bernard's mineral well and Stockbridge, and though there is no pretentious Spa or Kurhaus built round the well, persons who admire water with an $H_2SO_4$ smell and flavour can drench themselves with libations at 1d. per generous flagon. The well and grounds were gifted to the city by the late Mr. William Nelson, of the great publishing firm, though the Doric temple which encloses the pump was erected by Lord Gardenstone in 1789. Stockbridge is not an inviting locality, so we will leave it alone.

Looking to the west of Dean Bridge the handsome building of the Orphans' Hospital may be seen, and behind it again lies John Watson's Hospital, an establishment endowed for the maintenance and education of the sons of deceased professional men. The orphanage rejoices in the possession of a relic of the past in the shape of the great stone-faced clock which at one time did duty at the Netherbow. Having safely crossed over the Dean Bridge, the Queensferry Road is entered, and a fine, broad highway it is which leads to Queensferry and the

Queensferry Road

Forth Bridge, some nine miles distant. The local owners of automobiles make free with this road, as the torn-up portions of its surface testify, and in dry weather pedestrians and equestrians get more dust thrown in their eyes than they relish. Four-in-hand char-a-bancs, laden with tourists, are in the summer months to be seen in goodly numbers making trips to and from Queensferry, and on Sundays *bona fide* travellers on foot, on bicycles, in spring vans, in cabs, and shandrydans, making the ancient burgh their Mecca, with satisfactory results. These travellers do not complain of the dust; in fact, they regard it as an attractive feature of the road.

The respectable citizens from the West End—for the most part eminent lawyers and their womenfolk—when they treat themselves to pedestrian exercise, betake themselves to Craigleith Quarry, one mile distant from the Dean Bridge, and, having reached the same, deem it prudent to avoid physical breakdowns, and so retrace their steps citywards. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons the approach to the quarry is quite a fashionable parade. There are those still living who remember two venerable judges who were wont to take the air together on this part of Queensferry Road and enjoy, as they walked along, the comfort of tobacco, which they smoked in "T.B." clay pipes. These pipes with great dexterity were concealed in their sleeves when they were called on to return the courteous

salutations of acquaintances and inferiors. The promenade has become more resorted to since their days, and the two worthy old gentlemen would, were they now living, require to keep their smoking implements permanently concealed in their cuffs. Dean Cemetery

The large ornamental building on the left side of the road is Daniel Stewart's College for boys, one of the several excellent educational institutions managed by the Merchant Company of Edinburgh, and the light-hearted day scholars who play about its grounds let not their gaiety be subdued on account of the contiguity of Dean Cemetery, which lies behind them. It is a prettily laid out graveyard, and contains the ashes of many eminent men, notably of Sir Hector Macdonald, Professor Wilson, Professor Edmonstoune Aytoun, Lords Cockburn and Jeffrey, Sam Bough, and Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*. Handsome tombstones there are in plenty to mark the resting-places of the departed great.

Pleasant scenery may be viewed as we stroll westwards. The thickly-wooded Corstorphine Hill lies ahead, while to the north glimpses of the sea refresh our eyes. In the same direction may be seen the Victoria Hospital for Consumptives, the Craigleith Poorhouse, Leith Hospital at Pilton beyond, the great and unsightly gasometer at Granton, and Fettes College, which last, an endowed institution, is one of Scotland's most famous public schools, and its healthy situation tells its tale in the high class of athletes which it turns out.

Orchard Brae

Those who care to go the length of the quarry will see the place where most of the stone was excavated for building the New Town, and can return citywards by Barnton Terrace and Comely Bank Road, which is the road we see lower down on the further side of the fields. A short cut, however, known as Orchard Brae, saves a big detour, and when we pass the Flora Stevenson Board School, at the foot, we commend the wisdom of the orchard keeper or keepers of old, who gave up business before the advent of free education, which has done nothing in the way of curbing the theftuous inclinations of the young.

Were Thomas Carlyle to return to earth it is pretty certain he would not renew his tenancy of the house in Comely Bank, which a tablet in the wall instructs us was once occupied by him, for the tenement builder and the cable-car engineer have between them transformed what was a sweet solitude into a populous district. Thomas was given to "girn" at things which displeased him, and not even the presence of two new churches in East Fettes Avenue would reconcile a re-incarnated sage to a residence amid the distractions provided by a cable-car terminus, ranges of cheap tenements, and Saturday crowds of football enthusiasts.

The Inverleith Public Park, which lies up East Fettes Avenue, is one of the most popular open-air resorts of the youth of the city, and during the winter months each Saturday sees the ground

swarming with "light juveniles" who engage in spirited bouts of Association football. All the colours of the rainbow and a few extra tints are represented by their jerseys, and their language is as gaudy as their divers raiment. A shallow pond offers attraction to model yachtsmen, while two public bowling greens are attached to the park, and these are largely patronised by police constables when off duty. An equestrian ride goes half-way round the enclosure, and when the Town Council sees fit to complete the circle some very fine equestrian contests may be looked for. Edinburgh awaits the advent of a sporting Town Council, which is a thing slow in materialising. Up to the time of writing dog-racing is forbidden in the park. Cricket and golf are, however, sports which are officially tolerated.

Inverleith Park

On the eastward side of the park we find the Arboretum and Botanic Garden, which we may enter free of charge, and these are, without question, the loveliest open-air spaces available to the Edinburgh citizens. Those of us who in our peregrinations are hampered with baby carriages must, on entering the gate, leave the vehicles at the perambulator stance, though we are expected to carry their occupants in our arms. The gatekeeper has instructions to request visitors burdened with parcels to leave the same in his charge, as no parcels may be carried within the grounds, but oddly enough he declines to accept young infants as parcels.

**Botanic Garden**

The Professor of Botany in Edinburgh University is Regius Keeper of the Botanic Garden, and the mansion-house among the trees is his residence. Large classes of medical and science students are held in the lecture hall during the summer months. There is a palm-house and a range of greenhouses open for inspection, while a pond serves as a breeding-place for water lilies and plants. Each Sunday in summer these magnificent gardens are crowded with orderly citizens, while during the winter evenings hooting owls from the trees mock at the fond young couples who, in the quiet Arboretum Road outside, continue friendships entered into informally within the gates on Sunday afternoons.

Those who have not to recover baby coaches left at the Arboretum gates will, after admiring the view presented by the city on the south, proceed through the Botanic Garden towards Inverleith Row, where a cable car may be boarded for Princes Street. On the route we get a glimpse of the Chancelot Flour Mills, with a clock tower, lying towards Leith in the east, and we marvel at the magnitude of Co-operative enterprises, for this is one of them. Two great printing works are passed on the right hand—that of Morrison & Gibb, Limited, at Tanfield, and that of R. & R. Clark, in Brandon Street, and with stout hearts we set our faces to the ascent of Pitt Street, Dundas Street, and Hanover Street, for the brakes of our car are

trustworthy, even though a breakdown in the cable system strands us half-way up the slope.

Made in Germany

A loop line of car rails of German manufacture may be seen running up to the left from Canonmills Bridge. This route will shortly open for traffic, and, like the other routes, it has Princes Street as its objective. Through Broughton and Leith Street it runs, and the theatre-goers of Trinity will shortly be able to save cab hires to the Theatre Royal, as tramcars will pass its doors. Catholics from the same district will find the tramcars handy for conveying them to St. Mary's Cathedral, which lies next door to the theatre.

Whether we follow the Broughton or the Pitt Street route, we will eventually find ourselves in Princes Street, which by now ought to be "weel kent."

## XIX

### Education

Donaldson's Hospital

In the course of the explorations chronicled in the preceding chapters certain educational institutions have attracted our notice. To make mention of some and to leave unmentioned others of equal merit is scarcely fair, and as among those omitted Donaldson's Hospital may be named, a tramcar may be boarded, if thought desirable, at the west end of Princes Street, which will pass its gates *en route* for Murrayfield. A very handsome, ornamental building it is, lying a little way beyond Haymarket station, and most of its pupils are deaf and dumb children, who are boarded on the premises. Having seen this hospital, and having also seen the Royal High School, Daniel Stewart's College, Fettes College, and Heriot's Hospital, we may well marvel at the ornate style of architecture which in Edinburgh is displayed by her scholastic institutions, and not unreasonably we imagine that the modern education dispensed within the edifices mentioned and in others not quite so elaborately, but quite as expensively, got up, must be of a very high order indeed. We are right in our supposition, and we are encouraged to hope that Edin-

burgh turns out giant intellects and mental strong men by the gross, having in view the attention which is bestowed on the schools of the city both externally and internally. But does the capital realise our hopes in this respect? Hardly. A forcing house

As a forcing house for the rearing and turning out of what are unquestionably brilliant scholars—as scholars are understood nowadays—the capital can boast of great success in annexing bursaries and scholarships, but it must be confessed that the old village grammar or parochial schools of Scotland, antiquated though their methods may now be considered, had more success in producing solid men who combined scholarship with genius and pretensions to greatness of intellect than have the vast modern city concerns to be found in Edinburgh to-day.

Modern education is like a steam hammer, which can pound into shape malleable metal, but which can also destroy the delicate mechanism of a gold watch. A steam hammer can, of course, be adjusted so as to avoid by a hair's-breadth doing damage to a watch, but the latter article receives no benefit from the experiment, while the manipulators of the hammer are merely prodigal with their steam.

A great scholastic factory is Edinburgh, well-equipped with scholastic steam hammers, and very excellently pounded articles of a uniform pattern are turned out, though it is true the scholastic

The steam-factory principle

hammermen meet with disappointing results in the case of portions of metal which prove adamant, and in the case of delicate gold watches, which last are either pounded to pieces or otherwise receive the useless attentions of mercifully adjusted hammers, which, while doing them no harm, fail to do them any good.

In plain language, ungarnished with similes of hammers and things, it may be said that in Edinburgh great success is achieved in producing hosts of splendid scholars, while it may also be said that men who in modern times have made or are making names for themselves in the world are not products of education as administered in the capital. Scan the bursary and scholarship lists of the various Universities, and you will find the schools of Edinburgh taking a worthy place. Scan the lists of persons known to fame who are still living, and the result is disappointing from an Edinburgh point of view. This may be due to the dearth of incoming material from which great men may be fashioned forth, or it may be due to the fact that the bursary and scholarship lists are representative of the truly great minds of modern times. But then, again, it may be due to the fact that education has now become such a vast enterprise that it has to be conducted on a steam-factory principle which calls for strict compliance with rules, regulations, charts, and such like paraphernalia, and it is well known that steam factories are capable of producing enor-

mous quantities of articles according to a given pattern, while to produce a single article slightly out of the common may be found an impossibility. The large-class system

It is believed that Edinburgh harbours something like 341,240 inhabitants, including children in and out of arms, and the number of schools—private, public, endowed, and industrial—is but a paltry 94. Among the many parliamentary Commissions which have from time to time been appointed for more or less useful inquiries, none have been deputed to count up the ratio of children to parents in Edinburgh, so we have no information in figures before us to satisfy us as to whether the 94 schools have the children of the people fairly distributed among them, but we may reasonably excuse ourselves for believing that the allocation is very unequal. Some districts of the city seem to be peopled with children, and with nothing but children. These are the children who attend the nearest Board schools, in which schools large classes are bound to rule, and opinions differ as to the benefits to be derived educationally from the large-class system.

Not only in the Board schools is the system in vogue, but in the great establishments of the Merchant Company it is favoured, and, as among the many valuable statistical returns which Parliament omits to publish, a return of life's failures through the large-class system is included, we have no data to go upon when we seek to impeach that system.

**Merchant Company and Heriot Trust**

As the large educational institutions of Edinburgh can boast of a greater amount of scholastic success than can the smaller establishments of the city, taking into account the relative numbers of pupils receiving instruction in the respective schools, we may say that assuredly the publicly conducted educational factory is, according to modern standards, preferable to the system known to private enterprise.

Honourable mention ought to be made of two great educational undertakings in Edinburgh, both of which have had a lot to do with raising education to a high level, and these are respectively the Company of Merchants and the George Heriot's Trust. Both bodies administer vast sums on educating not only the young of the resident citizens, but also the children of outsiders, including colonists and foreigners, and though the undertakings were originated with comparatively small capital, the growth of the city has seen both concerns keeping pace with it. Originally the Merchant Company's schools were for the education and also maintenance of the children descended from members of the Company, and certain bursars and foundationers from outside who came through competitive examinations, but by a reconstruction of administration the modern schools permit of the young relatives of members of the Company enjoying the society and fellowship of the sons and daughters of all manner of people, no matter whether they

be connected with trade, mercantile, or professional pursuits.

Gillespie's School to be closed

There are five Merchant Company schools, all being now day schools, viz., George Watson's College for Boys, George Watson's College for Girls, Edinburgh Ladies' College, Daniel Stewart's College, and James Gillespie's School. The one first-named has made a reputation for turning out an extraordinary number of classical scholars, notwithstanding the earnest efforts made by the controlling body to popularise commercial education. James Gillespie's School will shortly be shut up, or otherwise turned over to the tender mercies of the School Board, the Inspector of Schools having recently declared that it serves no good purpose, owing to the higher-grade Board schools having made its existence unnecessary. The scholars are the children of humble but industrious people, who do not object to pay moderate fees for their children's schooling, but this sort of thing is not to be officially encouraged, and free scholars will be soon found enjoying the hospitality of the ratepayers in Gillespie's School, unless the building be demolished or bought up by the Corporation as an additional site for the phantom Usher Hall.

The Heriot Trust successfully manages George Heriot's School in Lauriston as a day establishment, though many worthy citizens of Edinburgh cast their memories back to happy days spent by them within its walls and grounds as resident scholars

Edinburgh Academy

under a monastic system. These worthy persons betray symptoms of having in the forefront of their thoughts the desirability of living the sedate, respectable lives of burghers, who venerate the city's institutions, the city's municipal rulers, and the city's boundaries.

Mention should be made of Edinburgh Academy, in the northern part of the city, in which the sons of Edinburgh professional men, as day scholars, receive a superior education. Robert Louis Stevenson was for a short time an Academy boy, and many eminent lawyers and doctors of to-day were his classmates.

The English public school system is represented by two institutions, known as Fettes College and Merchiston Castle. The former is under the control of the Fettes Trust, and though it was originally intended as a semi-charitable educational institution, it now ranks as one of the most fashionable public schools in the kingdom. Merchiston Castle receives much support from the west, many Glasgow youths being numbered among the scholars, and the school acts nobly up to a tradition handed down by turning out a fine type of Scottish Rugby forward.

Beyond the confines of the city, in distant Musselburgh, Loretto is the nursery of hardy young lads who enjoy by the seaside a more or less open-air residence. They are scantily clad, wear no hats, and are permitted to go about in all weathers unhampered in their movements by mackintoshes or

goloshes, and the patent medicine people would starve were the whole children of the country to be brought up on the Loretto principle. **Physical development**

In the three public schools last-mentioned the factory system is not in vogue, and young minds and bodies are allowed to develop naturally, and it is well to know that in Edinburgh and its vicinity there are scholastic institutions wherein the earning of Government grants and the capturing of bursaries are not regarded as the chief objects for which the human race was created. It should be said, however, in favour of the city schools in which higher education is dispensed, that some attention is devoted to athletics and physical development. That attention might be doubled in the interests of the nation without decreasing the moral and intellectual worth of the human atoms of the national educational scheme.

In the matter of the care of the young bodies entrusted to the School Board of Edinburgh attention may be directed to the fact that, while free education turns out young men who are not sufficiently advanced to enter the learned professions, it yet fails to produce men who are fitted for manual labour. The writer has watched the gangs of the unemployed (mostly young men) who were put to spade work recently, and the contrast between the painful way in which they went about their tasks and the easy skill of the few old men engaged was most noticeable. The old school for efficiency; the new for shiftlessness.

**The University**

Of the educational establishments of the capital the University is the most important, and its fame is world-wide. Native Scotsmen bulk largely in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, Science, and Music, but the Faculty of Medicine attracts students from all quarters of the globe, and of the cosmopolitan crowd of aspiring medicos those hailing from the shining Orient have least cause to complain of Edinburgh having a cold heart for strangers. Within the past year two events of importance in the Oriental students' calendar have happened, the first being the successful bazaar and fancy fair held for the raising of funds to acquire premises for a Union or club for students from India, the second being an "At Home" given by the Lord Provost to the students from Oriental countries. Australasian and South African men have, it is satisfactory to know, harboured no jealous feelings over the two functions, for both lots have had for many years past prosperous clubs or Unions of their own, in which their "At Homes" are social functions which not even a Lord Provost can eclipse. For downright enjoyment that is, not in the way of grandeur with the limelight turned on.

The University is divided into two establishments. The old building in South Bridge Street represents the University proper, and men of mature years scattered about the world have the old quadrangle in their mind's eye when their thoughts return to their student days in Edinburgh.

University Old Building

# Education

Customs have changed since the days when the writer was privileged to enjoy the academic quiet of the "old quad," when, over friendly pipes, men were wont to discuss the state of the country politically and morally, the betting market, the evils of examinations, the stage, the prize ring, billiard handicaps, and the rapacities of landladies. Smoking is now forbidden within the University gates, except on the nights when torchlight processions are formed to celebrate the results of Rectorial elections. Although smoking is not permitted, the non-smokers from Aberdeen, mostly Arts, Law, and Divinity men, still exchange notes concerning their respective landladies' villainies, rapacities, and robberies, the dames being referred to and understood by the terms "she" and "her." The "Old Quad"

The new buildings in Teviot Place are devoted to the study of medicine, and as the Union, which is well supported by the medical men of the University, is in close contiguity with the class-rooms and laboratories, the Infirmary, and the shops which deal in medical and surgical books and weapons, the real life of the University is represented round these new buildings.

There is a building which may be included as part of the University, viz., the Public Health Laboratory, out in Warrender Park Road. The Botanic Garden also has class-rooms and a museum available for the study of plant life, and if we include the athletic field, with its pavilion,

The Carnegie students

out at Craiglockhart, and the boat-house on the canal, it may be said that the University is really a scattered concern.

The Carnegie Trust does good work in providing poor young men with a University education on a free-list basis, and it has been said that much of the unruliness within recent times on the part of the University undergraduates should be ascribed to the charity students, who bask in the rays cast by a steel magnate with money to burn over education. There have been objectionable ructions of late in public places, and students have been blamed for the occurrences, and, if those responsible for the ructions have really been Carnegie students, then it seems likely Dr. Andrew Carnegie will be vexed to know that free education at school or college is more taken advantage of by triumphant democrats than by gentlemen.

The Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal College of Physicians confer degrees which entitle the recipients to practise as surgeons, physicians, and dentists. Ireland and India join in supporting these institutions, which, besides providing licentiates with the right to kill or cure, have their teachings recognised for graduation in medicine in the University of Edinburgh, as well as in other Universities of Great Britain.

Veterinary medicine is taught and studied at the Edinburgh Veterinary College in Clyde Street, which institution will shortly be transferred out

to Gorgie; and very excellent veterinary surgeons belonging to Edinburgh, Lancashire, and Ireland are sent forth to attend to the physical well-being of our four-footed friends. The Dick Bequest for veterinary teaching is in charge of the Lord Provost and Town Council of the city, and so the Veterinary College may be classed as a municipal concern. Dick's Veterinary College

Among the many successfully conducted educational institutions of Edinburgh there are dental schools, cooking schools, dancing academies, the Heriot-Watt College for technical instruction; fencing, gymnastic, boxing, and physical culture schools conducted by eminent professors; and, above all, schools for scandal; so it must be admitted that Edinburgh is full of assorted educational establishments, and with the death of Edinburgh wisdom will expire.

## XX

### Jaunts

Art and Nature

A STUDY of painted portraits and of pictures, landscape, genre, historical, and impossible, suggests as an antidote an inspection of the clean face of Nature, and those who come forth from the National Gallery at the Mound will do well to board one of the Goldenacre tramway cars, which start from the foot of the slope of Hanover Street, close by. Those who emerge from the National Portrait Gallery in Queen Street will find the tramway route intersecting that street, and as they proceed westward to join the tramway, they will have the privilege of seeing the scholars of Edinburgh Institution devouring copious quantities of bakery products out on the pavement. Those youths have no playground, and as playing in the street is vulgar in Edinburgh, the only athletic exercise available is lunching, and the lads devote themselves heartily to the pastime.

The route to Goldenacre runs through Dundas Street, Pitt Street, Canonmills, and Inverleith, and at the terminus, on disembarking, the course should be shaped westward along Ferry Road, from which, about 200 yards from the terminus, Granton Road

branches off to the right. It is a straight and level road, unadorned with trees, and in hot weather the sun beats on it with terrific force. The great building lying to the west is the engineering establishment of Bruce Peebles & Company. Cheap tenements on the right side, near the foot, harbour dock workers and railwaymen and their families, and nearly every household owns a gramophone, which can be heard grinding out music as we pass by. Granton Road

Boswell Road, at the foot, leads eastward to the Trinity district, which is entirely residential, and very fine villas occupied by Leith merchants are to be seen. Trinity and a portion of Granton are within Leith boundaries, and the rich, as well as the poor, enjoy the privilege of having their domestic refuse collected by dust-carts during the late forenoon instead of during the very early morning, as is the rule in Edinburgh.

The boundary line which divides Leith from Edinburgh runs on the western side of Granton Road, down seawards, and if we descend a flight of steps by the side of the Royal Forth Yacht Club-house, and turn to the left along Lower Granton Road, we notice that the authorities of Leith believe strongly in tar for road binding, and we notice also that their portion of the road is in better condition than the Edinburgh portion.

Through a "slap" in the railway embankment we proceed to invigorate ourselves by promenading

**Granton Breakwater**

on Granton breakwater, which forms the eastern side of the harbour. The harbour itself belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, but it nevertheless forms part of Edinburgh, and the breakwater is well patronised by citizens resident in the northern district of the city, particularly on Sundays. On week-days patient fishers spend hours waiting for finny denizens of the deep to attach themselves to the lines cast forth from the wooden pier at the extremity of the breakwater, while on summer mornings swarms of male bathers enjoy a dip in real sea water. Edinburgh yachtsmen have their headquarters and their joint-stock yachts in Granton, so it may truly be said that Edinburgh is a seaside resort.

Regular traders ply between Granton and London, and also Gothenburg, while a considerable trade is done with the Baltic ports, from which wood arrives and to which coal is exported. A large fleet of steam trawlers and several steam drifters are registered in the port, and a Fishery cruiser very properly is stationed in the harbour to keep in touch with these fishing vessels. The Northern Lighthouse Commissioners have two steamships, and their stores and workshops in the harbour; and a slip owned by Hawthorns, of Leith, serves as an hospital for vessels requiring to be overhauled and repaired.

Suppose we get us on board the fine, full-powered paddle steamer "William Muir," which trades regu-

larly between Granton and Burntisland, five miles distant across the Firth, and we do ourselves more good than harm by risking our precious lives on the vasty deep. The voyage occupies half an hour, and when we reach the distant port we find that the export coal trade of Scotland is very considerable. Germany takes large cargoes from the ports of Leith, Burntisland, and Methil, and regular traders come and go between the Forth and German ports, taking across the North Sea great quantities of Fife and Lothian coals, and bringing back non-freight-paying cargoes of water ballast. There is reason to believe that in the Fatherland more British coal is being stored than is consumed. **Burntisland**

Burntisland is a popular summer resort of Edinburgh tradespeople, whose children have a fine beach to play upon, while the male parents, who travel to and from the city daily, have time for a round of golf in the evening, or, if they prefer it, to hearken to the minstrelsy of seaside minstrels.

Burntisland is popular on Sundays with *bona fide* travellers from Edinburgh, and also with Sabbath-breaking golfers from the same place, some of which latter do not regret the fact that they are *bona fide* travellers until the following Monday morning.

Four miles along the coast to the west of Burntisland lies Aberdour, a village of great age, which, during July, August, and September, is packed to overflowing with lively holiday-makers from Edinburgh and Leith. It is a pleasant walk along

Aberdour

by the high road which runs between Burntisland and Aberdour, and a still more pleasant walk by the path which runs along above the shore. This path leads into the village by way of what the railway has left of Aberdour's classic woods and the Silver Sands. On a fine Saturday or Sunday in summer the Silver Sands are quite a sight, and the quantities of banana skins and garbage left behind by open-air banqueters who have spent the day there attract vast flocks of seagulls keen on the scent of a mixed diet.

The people who frequent Aberdour are of a class similar to what we find at Rhyl, Blackpool, and Douglas, I.O.M., and the beautiful, sunburnt young ladies, who go about in summer costumes, uncovered as to their heads and encircled as to their waists with one another's arms, revel in the joys of Nature (including the musical treats afforded by beach minstrels) for two weeks each, such being the usual holiday allowance granted by the conductors of the cash draperies of Edinburgh. They wisely make the most of their vacation. They also chant snatches of music-hall ditties, which are items in the repertoire of the male beach minstrels, who are heroes of romance so long as the season lasts.

The hardy yachtsmen from Granton are likewise heroes of romance during the season, and they play their parts by living on board their craft, and affecting the negligent garb peculiar to deck hands on pirate ships. Cannibal parts do these

mariners play also by devouring, with salt-sea appetites, canned portions of mysterious anatomies, which, while of thirst-provoking tendencies, save a world of trouble in cooking on board vessels poorly equipped with galley outfits. There are more yachtsmen to each yacht at Aberdour than Board of Trade regulations as to cubic sleeping space would permit in the case of professional mariners. Aberdour attractions

A nine-hole golf course, a bowling green, several photographic studios, five licensed houses, well-equipped tea gardens (with imaginary garden effects), a wizard's bureau for fortune-telling, halls which are used for dances, concerts, and picnics, aerial shilling-a-night beds (otherwise hammocks), an entire absence of gas, and a defective water supply are the prominent features of Aberdour. It is a giddy place, in good truth, for a seaside holiday, even if bathing is not indulged in overmuch by the visitors. Let mixed bathing be tried as an experiment at Aberdour and the place will become still more popular than it is.

Pleasure steamships ply on the bosom of the Firth of Forth, and Aberdour is well served by them. We may enjoy a trip up to the Forth Bridge on one of those vessels, for the best mode of inspecting the great structure is to approach it by sea. A voyage of half an hour's duration brings us beneath the bridge, and if we care to land at South Queensferry we can, by climbing up

**Dunfermline** to Dalmeny station, board a train which crosses the structure, *en route* for, among other places, Dunfermline, which has gained notoriety as being the birthplace of Dr. Andrew Carnegie, of Free Library fame. The Rosyth naval base, which will be a big affair when finished, lies on the further side of the Forth from South Queensferry, and it may be seen in a bay on the left side of the railway after crossing the bridge.

The voyage per steamship from South Queensferry and the Forth Bridge to the port of Leith affords a pleasant view of the wooded estate of Dalmeny, the property of Lord Rosebery, and, if a sharp lookout be kept, Cramond village, which lies behind Cramond Island, may be descried on the mainland. On a Sunday in summer the smoke of many fires arises from the beach near Cramond, these denoting the presence of picnic parties from the city, composed of people who believe in a rational Sunday. Passing by the harbours of Granton and Newhaven, the port of Leith is entered between two long piers or jetties, on one of which, that on the west side, passengers are disembarked.

The noise of riveters at work and of machinery in motion indicates the presence of shipbuilding and repairing yards, of which there are many, though vessels of such large tonnage as are built in Glasgow and Belfast are not turned out at Leith. The most important yard of the lot lies to the right

of the wooden pier on which we have landed, and it is that of Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, Limited, who of recent years have been favoured with many orders for handsome steam yachts for American millionaires and other magnates. Leith Docks

Great grain elevators lie away to the east of the docks, while in the nearer distance we can see clusters of German and Scandinavian steamers waiting their turns to get under the coal-tips. The large fleet of vessels trading regularly with Continental ports, which belong to Messrs. James Currie & Co., may be recognised by their black funnels with white bands, while those of George Gibson & Co. are yellow-funnelled boats. The railway companies have serious rivals in the goods-carrying trade between Edinburgh and London in the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company, which originally commenced business with small sailing smacks, and now have not less than three regular steamers leaving Leith and London each week, carrying passengers as well as cargo. Their vessels are distinguishable by the black funnels with red bands.

Leith once had a famous reputation as being the landing place of the finest clarets and burgundies in the world, which went into the cellars of the worthy merchants of the port and the comfortable citizens of Edinburgh, but whisky has in modern times, to a great extent, supplanted wine as a popular beverage, and the numerous wholesale

**Newhaven** whisky houses in Leith have for many years past been a commercial feature of the port. There are several distilleries and rectifying establishments, also large flour mills, while, if doubts exist as to the seaport burgh being a thriving place, these will be dispelled by inspecting the magnificent electric tramcars, which put to shame the primitive rope-hauled concerns of Edinburgh.

While in the neighbourhood of Leith one ought to inspect Newhaven, once a picturesque fishing village, now a combination of slum, village, and odoriferous fishmarket. The fishwives of Newhaven are still to be seen, with their quaint costumes and creels; their spouses likewise are there following the calling of their forefathers; and the conservative East Coast fisherfolks' custom of intermarrying among their own community is still carefully preserved. One side of the street, of red-tiled houses, has lately been rebuilt with modern edifices of brick and "harling," while a portion of the other side has been modernised by the erection of a high tenement, which has an Italian ice-cream merchant as one of its ground-flat tenants. The Peacock Hotel still, as of old, purveys delightful fish dinners and suppers, though the illustrious Mrs. Main, known to a past generation, has been succeeded as proprietor by a gentleman from Hanover, who does things very well indeed. Many men of eminence in Edinburgh have cause to look back and bless the name of Mrs. Main, a lady who did much

to stimulate their intellects by purveying for them toothsome and generous meals of brain food.

Portobello, the "Brighton of Scotland"

A pleasant jaunt from Leith is one which may be taken on foot past chemical manure works and slaughter-houses, and through sewage meadows (which are now being improved), into Portobello, which, as we approach it, proclaims itself to be the "Brighton of Scotland." If we do not see the resemblance to the southern Brighton, then we are dense, or have never been in the latter place.

To enjoy Portobello one ought to visit it during Glasgow Fair Week in July, when it, as often as not, is the reverse of fair, so far as weather conditions are concerned. The place has sometimes been called "Gorbals-super-mare," sometimes "Gallowgate-on-the-sands," and the west-country twang, if we shut our eyes, suggests the appropriateness of these names. The crowds are out to enjoy themselves, and they make no mistake about having a good time. It is marvellous how they find room to lay themselves down at night, for it seems pretty certain the various apartments which are let furnished are totally inadequate to comfortably house the dense mass of people who may be seen on the sands and the promenade, and it may really be true, as has been said, that one room furnished with two beds and a sofa is regarded as quite a palace fit to accommodate families numbering not less than fifteen.

There are good sea-water swimming baths in

Joppa and Musselburgh

Portobello (which, by the way, is within Edinburgh municipal boundaries), and these are run successfully by the Corporation of the capital. Numerous entertainments, more or less refined, are provided in that part of the promenade west of the jetty, while at the end of the jetty a dancing hall and variety show attract numbers of Edinburgh young people. Fishing, sometimes of a successful nature, goes on at the end of the pier, and the pleasure steamers have a habit of coming up in an aggravating manner just as large monsters are about to swallow the hooks, and the piscators are not too well pleased at finding their hopes of a great sea harvest being thus disappointed.

Boating parties go forth from the beach at a shilling per hour, while inland explorations are made by many to see how the urban public-houses in the High Street compare with the two which are situated on the promenade.

At the east end of the fine promenade lies Joppa, which is now important as being the place where one may leave an Edinburgh cable car and board an express electric car, which with rapidity conveys the traveller into the honest burgh called Musselburgh. The honest burgh is famous for its golf links and racecourse, on which each autumn a two-days' race meeting attracts, besides the honest members of the local sporting fraternity (publicans being well represented), a vast concourse of persons of uncleanly aspect and of doubtful morality, and

the police have a busy time in maintaining the right of the town to use as a motto the word "Honestas." When the race meeting is not being held, Musselburgh is quite a delightful place in fine weather, and many Edinburgh business men have their permanent abodes there. The "honest toun"

Fisherrow is part of Musselburgh, and a large fishing population inhabits the district, which has a tidal harbour, from which a goodly fleet of herring boats goes forth.

An ill-kept road runs by the shore from Levenhall, at the further end of the links, towards Morrison's Haven, Prestonpans, and Cockenzie, which last is a great fishing centre, and beyond it Port Seton village, on the east, marks the terminus in this direction of Edinburgh and its seaside suburbs, though actually the burgh boundaries of the city itself cease at Magdalene Bridge, between Joppa and Musselburgh.

Inland expeditions from Edinburgh there are in plenty which offer attractions. Roslin, for example, may be reached by coach, or even on foot, as it lies but seven miles to the south of the city. The Chapel of Rosslyn, at Roslin, has as its chief object of interest an exquisitely carved pillar, known as the "'Prentice Pillar," said to have been the work of an apprentice sculptor, who took advantage of his master's absence abroad to try his own skill. He was put to death by his jealous master on his return, the latter striking him a severe blow

A tragedy

on the head with a hammer, and since the sad event local apprentices in all trades and professions have carefully abstained from putting hand to work, save when being overlooked by superiors.

The Pentland Hills are a favourite resort of many people of the capital, who seek healthful recreation by filling their lungs with clean hill air, and when the Gilmore Place tramways are running, the pedestrian part of the journey to Colinton, from which village the hill path starts, will be much shortened for hill climbers. Swanston House lies not far south-east of Colinton, and in it Robert Louis Stevenson lived happily.

A long day's outing may be had by doing the drive to Habbie's How and Carlops, which lie about twelve miles south of the city, and a fully-licensed hotel in the quiet region can be depended on to satisfy the cravings of hunger begotten of the keen air of the hills which lie round about.

To observe the aborigines and inhabitants of the better class at their holiday diversions one ought to visit Dunbar, North Berwick, Gullane, and Elie. The three first-named lie no great distance by rail from Edinburgh, and in each place golf is not only a diversion, but also an industry. It is a magnificent game this golf unquestionably, and it is worked for all it is worth by those who from the city seek health, recreation, and rest at the seaside. The health is there, the recreation is not wanting, but we may take the rest on trust,

for, not content with playing golf, the conversation indulged in by both males and females is unintelligible to persons who are unlearned in golfese, and we may shrewdly suspect that golfing dreams and nightmares disturb the slumbers of the seekers of health, recreation, and rest. Elie, where the golf cult is likewise the main feature, lies across the Firth from North Berwick, and an agreeable mode of visiting it is by pleasure steamer from Leith.

Golfing nightmares

It must be owned that the citizens of Edinburgh have within their reach most excellent rural retreats, and yet Princes Street promenade is preferred for a day's outing by many people of the city who have the leisure to enjoy change of air and scenery. Perhaps, although they have the leisure, they lack the inclination to give Princes Street a rest. Or, perhaps, although they have both the leisure and the inclination, they lack the means to transport themselves beyond city bounds, for walking, off Princes Street, is fatiguing, and even Blackford Hill and the Arboretum are severely left alone by the leisured classes.

## XXI

### The People

The Usher Hall

More than twelve years have gone by since the bequest by a wealthy Edinburgh brewer to meet the cost of building a City Hall became available, and the hall has yet to be built. The invisible but notorious Usher Hall of Edinburgh was at one time regarded as a mirth-provoking subject, but during the last decade people, as they have grown older, have generally kept reference to the concern out of their conversation, the jest having become senile and whiskered. In time the Usher Hall may figure as a legend of Edinburgh, and it is satisfactory to know that at least a site has been secured, which in after years will be pointed out by city guides as marking the spot where a real enchanted hall was built of vapour by invisible hands. Discussions, quarrels, and feuds have from time to time arisen in the Town Council and outside it between parties putting forward rival ideas concerning desirable sites for the building. Public-spirited men have lain awake nights striving to solve the puzzle as to where in the city a good building site might be found, and many of these individuals, when good ideas have struck them, have conveyed the

fruits of their deliberations to friends connected with the Corporation. Invariably the owners of public spirits who have lain awake for the good of the city have been found to be persons who would not strenuously object to the amenity of districts wherein they themselves possessed property or building lots being destroyed by the erection of a City Hall, and their unselfishness has not been allowed to pass unnoticed. Two years ago an official selection of a site in Castle Terrace was made, and, having got the length of fixing on a site, a respite from further labours has been thought desirable by the selectors.

Wakeful citizens.

The Synod Hall, which marks the selected site, stands on the ground whereon a theatre was once conducted, and it is singular that a place once the home of pantomime should have been chosen for the building of the Usher Hall—if it ever will be built, which is open to doubt.

The people of Edinburgh are stamped with the Usher Hall mark, which is the emblem of patience, and the patience of Jacob, when he waited till Rachel was his, has been exemplified by the inhabitants of the capital. The M'Ewan Hall of the University (built with funds also provided by a brewer) represents Leah of the Scriptures, while each of the modern Jacobs of Edinburgh grows venerable as he hopes against hope that his Rachel —the Hall of Usher—will one day be his. The Usher Hall mark denotes, in addition to patience,

**Business-like brewers**

shiftlessness, and shiftless are the inhabitants of the capital, both as municipal rulers and as people who elect municipal rulers. The exceptions are, of course, the brewers, whose prosperity betokens business energy, and were the municipality of Edinburgh to be put under the control of a committee or council of local brewers, the city would soon take its place as one of the great cities of the world, combining commercial enterprise with the possession of scenic and architectural beauties, while education in all its branches would prosper. The Usher Institute of Public Health in Warrender Park Road and the M'Ewan Hall in Teviot Place, both University institutions, owe their existence to the possession of business-like qualities by brewers, while the Usher Hall of Nowhere owes its non-existence to the unbusiness-like qualities of people who most wrongfully and without probable cause believe that wisdom is going to die with them, and whose idea of wisdom is that it implies the possession of the faculty of arguing in circles, whacking "property" bushes, and edging down the stage into the limelight. Selah. The wise men live in the east, and the imaginary Usher Hall, as it now stands, is a fitting habitation for them and for the people who believe in their wisdom.

The doctrine of "make-believe" is not studied by the denizens of the capital, nor does it require to be studied by them, for it is imbibed with the sterilised milk which the infantile citizens suck

through the india-rubber conduits of patent feeding bottles. Sterilisation falls short of eliminating the germs of make-believe from the lacteal fluid. A miracle

The district of Sciennes, which lies on the south side of the East Meadows, takes its name from a nunnery founded there by Catherine of Siena, and in the year 1549 the ladies of the establishment employed as the guardian of their sheep a youth who was possessed of the gift of being able to simulate blindness by turning up the whites of his eyes in a very wonderful manner. Certain priests and friars of the Catholic Church were introduced to the gifted youth, and he condescended, at their request, to appear as a performer at an entertainment given by the reverend gentlemen at Loretto, in Musselburgh. The entertainment was an open-air one, free to all, and, the weather being perfect, a magnificent "house" was drawn. On a stage which had been erected, the reverend showmen introduced to the notice of the assembled multitudes a refined and moral performance, in which the talented young shepherd appeared as principal boy. Without the aid of limelight, or a net, or a cabinet, or a trap door—in fact, without even the assistance of an orchestra—the young artist went through the trying ordeal of a first stage performance in remarkably fine style, and the audience was charmed with his display. His turn was billed as a "miracle," and he enchanted the spectators with his able representation of a blind

Simulated blindness

man recovering his eyesight. It was a sure enough miracle, and it owed much of its success to skilful stage management.

The above reference to the miracle of Loretto is not a digression. It is introduced with an object. The people of modern Edinburgh resemble the miracle-working shepherd of 1549 at the beginning of his performance. They represent the miracle which has yet to come off, and the multitude—the world at large—is wondering if the miracle is really going to take place. The people of the capital have the power of presenting to the world orbs which see, but for some reason best known to themselves, the whites of their eyes remain fixed in a simulation of blindness. There is no desire manifested to have Edinburgh take its place as an important city of the world. The city which happens to be the capital of one of the three countries forming the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is inhabited by people who complacently believe that because their city is the capital of Scotland it must be, on that account, accepted by the world as being a cut or two above a mere provincial town. And yet it is but a provincial town, and its complacent inhabitants are truly provincials.

A goodly heritage has been handed down to the present indwellers of Edinburgh, and instead of attempting to make it possible for that heritage, in an improved condition, being handed down to succeeding generations, we find provincial brains

and provincial ingenuity being directed to encompassing the depreciation of the value of a great asset. It is true that the parish pump has been improved, and that the inhabitants realise there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of persons who regard parish pumps in philosophic vein, but it is equally true that the greater minds of the city which are applied to consideration of the affairs of heaven and earth are chained to the pump with chains which, no matter how severely they be strained, never break. **Chained to the parish pump**

To be explicit, and to come down to hard facts, the people of Edinburgh laugh at their own cable-car system. They know the system to be archaic, yet they put up with it, and walk, as matter of course, when breakdowns occur, leaving the pennies paid for a fifty-yards' jaunt to swell the coffers of the company which works the system according to a municipally approved scheme.

Then, again, the inhabitants allow their municipal rulers to interpret the workings of their own (the inhabitants') consciences by declaring that Sunday concerts are immoral except they be given in aid of charities. It may be supposed that it is not a love of music which moves the members of the Sunday concert audiences to patronise the performances which are given in theatres, but rather that it is a desire to act charitably which moves them to support the concerns which are held by official sanction on the Sabbath. Perhaps deaf

**Cultivation of backwardness**

mutes and music haters of charitable dispositions bulk largely in the audiences which are attracted to the Sunday concerts, but then, again, as our friend Mr. R. G. Knowles would say, "P'raps not." It is not humbug this policy of pretending that Sunday concerts are immoral. Far from it. It is merely an expression of a desire that Edinburgh should not take its place among the capitals of the world as a place where civilisation receives recognition. We are living in the twentieth century, but the inhabitants of the capital of Scotland, not having as yet turned down the whites of their eyes, as did the young miracle worker from the Sciennes, are unaware of the solid fact.

The people who are compelled to live permanently in Edinburgh understand that the closing of public-houses at ten o'clock p.m. has proved a ghastly failure, so far as improvement in drunkenness is concerned, yet it pleases them to declare that early closing is a huge success. Wisdom is not going to die with people like that, for wisdom, so far as they are concerned, is already dead. The abominable practice of drinking crude spirit from the bottle may be seen in operation on the streets after 10 p.m., more especially on Saturday nights. The people who encourage this sort of thing are the people of the capital of Scotland, and the Chief Constable has admitted in an official report that, while the streets are cleared earlier in the night than was formerly the case, the apprehensions for drunkenness have increased in number. We may

"Things are not what they seem"

suppose that the deserted streets represent the triumph of the so-called temperance movement. That is, unless we are disposed to go beneath the surface and inquire as to shebeening, club drinking, and friendly meetings over bottles held in private houses, which the clearing of the streets at an early hour may suggest. If we be persons on the hunt for humbug we may do worse than ask a residenter of Edinburgh for the name of a city where our quarry is likely to be located. He may, and no doubt will, indicate that Glasgow should be approached; but we will save four shillings sterling, which represents the price of a third-class return ticket between the capital and the western metropolis, if we confine our hunting operations to the eastern city.

During the week which ended on Saturday, 21st March, 1908, the total number of persons who visited the National Museum in Chambers Street was 9937, of whom 2258 entered the building on Sunday, the 15th of said month. Admission to the museum is free, and no doubt this fact explains how large crowds of Edinburgh citizens are attracted within its walls on Sundays; but the main fact worth noting is that the museum is not a municipal concern, and so it has not its doors closed in the faces of citizens on the Sabbath day. Are those thousands possessed of souls? If so, are their souls not in danger of being lost by their entering a museum on Sunday? Ring up a member of the Town Council at his club on a Sunday afternoon,

**The Sunday Society**

and he will come down from the smoke-room to the telephone, and will courteously answer questions of this sort by saying that Sunday museum-haunters are booked for the Bottomless Pit. Having said this, he will re-ascend to the smoke-room, sorrowing greatly for the doomed wretches.

There is a Sunday Society in Edinburgh which aims at providing rational entertainments for persons who cannot afford to join clubs, and who, perhaps, would not join clubs even if they could afford to do so, and most excellent concerts are provided both in the open air and in halls hired for Sunday afternoons. The wise men of the east have mourned over the fact that such concerts are patronised by multitudes, and there is a suggestion of jealousy manifested when we find that the Sunday Society has repeatedly been refused the use of the great Waverley Market wherein to divert the crowds in inclement weather. Who are the wise men of the east? They are persons elected to the Town Council by those crowds who break the Sabbath day by visiting the museum, the Botanic Garden, and the Sunday Society's entertainments. From which fact we infer that the people of Edinburgh do not get what they desire, but get only what they are told they ought to desire.

The non-Sabbath-breaking members of the community are strong supporters of the Church, and on each Sunday evening the churches of the city are packed to overflowing. It may therefore be

thought that the thousands of young persons of both sexes who aimlessly pad the hoof up and down Princes Street each Sunday night have failed to find accommodation in places of worship. The supposition is a wrong one, for these are young persons out for their regular Sunday-night parade, young persons who have nowhere else to go unless to shebeens, and of these there are not enough to go round, thanks to the vigilance of the police. There are, it is true, the Italian soft-drinks establishments available as counter attractions to the street-corner preachers, and a good many of the Princes Street Sunday-night pedestrians drop in for a "frostine" night-cap on their way home, and, as the Italian caterers are not in high favour with the municipal rulers of the city, there is grave reason to fear that the municipal rulers are not in high favour with the patrons of the establishments in which "frostine" is served up in the genuine Roman style. Would those patrons listen patiently to a municipally provided concert on Sunday evenings? Assuredly they would, for they enjoy gramophone secular music while they quaff their evening bowls of "frostine" in the ateliers of the Italian caterers.

**Sunday nights' amusement**

As has been already explained, Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland, and when the miracle on the Loretto lines comes off, there is going to be some chance of the city and its denizens taking their place among the civilised cities and citizens of the world.

## XXII

### Still the People

Cold, distant and unsociable

OUTSIDERS are known to complain that they find the people of the capital cold, distant, and not at all sociable, and Englishmen especially are the complainers in this respect. The people of Edinburgh are, it is true, cold, distant, and, it may be, unsociable animals where strangers are concerned, but perhaps this may be explained by saying that they are not given to confide their family histories and details as to their salaries or earnings, their ailments, and their prospects in life to every casual stranger. An Englishman in genial fashion will seek to interest chance acquaintances by making full and complete disclosures relating to his own family and business circumstances, and when he does not receive similar disclosures in return he feels aggrieved at a lack of reciprocity on the part of those whom he has sought to interest. The Scotsman is a reserved creature when mingling with strangers, and it may be his reserve becomes accentuated when he happens to be a native of Edinburgh.

There is no reason why a citizen of the capital should give away information which may be used

against him, especially as outsiders can be found in plenty who will use such information in an unfriendly manner. Outsiders on the quest for inside information are naturally chagrined to discover that the people of Edinburgh can present to prying eyes cupboards as bare as the one visited by the illustrious Mother Hubbard and her poor dog, and that they will, if necessary, remove skeletons from those cupboards so that not a vestige of bone may be seen by the inquisitive.

Boneless cupboards

Reserved the people of Edinburgh most certainly are, and perhaps they do well to be so, but when they have to meet the charges of being cold they are in a position to contradict their accusers. They are, it is true, cold in so far as their reserve means chilliness, but, on the other hand, it cannot be said of them that in the cause of charity they betray symptoms of frigidity. "Pride and poverty" is a sneer which outsiders level at the Edinburgh citizens, yet those same outsiders, when begging letters have to be addressed to recipients who are regarded as "soft marks," scruple not to make use of the Edinburgh Post Office Directory. The reputation of Edinburgh as a city where charitable objects receive generous support is recognised in London and in other English cities, and the people distinguished for "pride and poverty" are deluged with solicitations in aid of English charities, some of which are deserving of support, though why the people of English cities do not copy a

Charity and philanthropy

little of the Edinburgh pride by confining their solicitations within their own boundaries is not easy to understand. Edinburgh certainly does not cadge abroad for alms in support of her charities.

The bequests of men, rich according to the standard of wealth of their times, have fructified and borne good fruit in the shape of the endowed educational institutions known as Fettes College, Heriot's Hospital, George Watson's Colleges, Stewart's College, Gillespie's Schools, John Watson's Hospital, and Donaldson's Hospital, whose founders must surely have cast prophetic and far-seeing eyes into the future. In addition to those educational trusts, there are many funds administered by trustees for the benefit of poor persons bearing the names of the families to which the testators belonged, and also for the benefit of deserving outsiders, while there are in existence hospitals and dispensaries in goodly number maintained by voluntary contributions. The citizens are taxed for the maintenance of hospitals under municipal control, and they are taxed also for the support of paupers and lunatics. They are likewise taxed for the free education of the children of the working classes, yet without complaint they voluntarily support such charitable objects as the Deaf and Dumb Institution and a Home for Crippled Children. Aged Christians and indigent old men (who are not necessarily Christians) receive support, and if the entire list of endowments and

charities of Edinburgh were to be given here, at least forty pages would have to be added to the present work. The reader may rest content with the information that the extra forty pages are not going to be supplied.

**Bazaars and fancy fairs**

Give them a worthy object to work for, and the people of Edinburgh will run successful bazaars and fancy fairs and sales of work with any community under the sun, and, as showing that a genuine spirit of philanthropy is common to all classes, ladies in the most exalted stations are to be found working like female niggers disposing of bazaar truck, and not only working themselves, but also seeing to it that their maids, who attend and assist them, do not shirk their duties. Bazaars are popular functions in Edinburgh, even though the present Lord Advocate has forbidden raffling to be indulged in. Concerts, amateur theatricals, and tableaux vivants are also popular modes of raising the wind for charitable objects.

If charity really did cover sins, Edinburgh would be the most apparently sinless place of its size anywhere. Fortunately for the members of the cloth a large stock of patent original sin remains on hand, and ample provision is made in the way of ecclesiastical buildings to reduce the stock to a minimum. In Edinburgh and Portobello there are 218 churches and chapels, and more are being built. Of these, 57 belong to the Established Church of Scotland, 88 to the United Free Church,

Missions and missionaries

24 to the Episcopal Church, 5 to the Free Church, 7 to the Roman Catholic Church, 4 to the Jews, 10 to the Baptists, while the balance are held by assorted bodies, including Original Seceders, United Original Seceders, Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Methodists, and hosts of others with titles as varied as those of our fire and life assurance companies.

Each body runs missions and missionaries, while independent missions are numerous throughout the city, and the Salvation Army find plenty of work to do, and do that work well. A good deal of overlapping of charities goes on, and where food for the body is accompanied by food for the soul some deception may be looked for on the part of persons who are gluttonous for both kinds of food. An extraordinary amount of free-meal purveying is gone about each winter by various missions and benevolent bodies, and the city of "pride and poverty" does its duty towards the destitute more generously than does many a wealthier city. The casual wanderers who experience the hospitality of the capital are in no hurry to continue their journeys.

Unfriendly critics who, from superficial observation, class the people of Edinburgh as being cold, distant, unsociable, proud, and poor will no doubt continue to level their sneers at the capital, but to be just it should be here declared that the condemnation from outside is earned by only a

very small section of the community. Just as they exist in other cities, so snobs and sycophants are to be found in fair numbers in Edinburgh, and it is unfortunate that the arrogance and obtrusiveness of the local breed have misled strangers into the belief that the whole city is populated with snobs and sycophants of an objectionable sort.

Objectionable citizens

## XXIII

### Classes and Masses

The social scale

EDINBURGH society may be divided into four classes, these being composed of—(1) People who count in the social scale; (2) people who think they count in the social scale; (3) people who hope to count in the same; and (4) people who don't care a brass farthing whether they count or not, so long as they are happy.

Those under the first branch are not numerous in Edinburgh, and when for State or society functions a gathering of the better-class inhabitants is required, the second branch has to be drawn upon to make a reasonable show. As vacancies occur in the second branch, promotion takes place from the third branch, but pressure has got to be used to compel representatives of the fourth branch to accept commissions in the battalion above them. The first section is composed of members of the old aristocracy of Scotland, with the addition of representatives of the modern professional aristocracy. The second section is composed of successful professional persons, who tolerate in their ranks persons who have soiled their hands with trade, but who are forgiven the offence on account of the trade

having proved lucrative. The third branch is a mixture of ambitious professional men and tradesmen, whose promotion depends on their banking accounts or their effrontery, or both. The last branch is made up of people who work hard for a living, who pay their debts, and do not receive cards of invitation to municipal cake and wine banquets. The last lot are despised by those in the class above them. These again are not only despised, but are also detested by the lot above them, while the tenants of the top floor see the futility of climbing out on the roof to escape from the company of their immediate inferiors, whose indefatigable creepings up the staircase have been duly noted. The creepers arrive in the top storey in due course, and from the time of their arrival they count in the social scale.

Indefatigable creepings

When sneers are being cast at the citizens of Edinburgh, the people to be found in the second lowest class should receive generous treatment. The lion's share of sneers ought to be theirs, for they are the objectionable people (taking them in bulk) who, by their snobbishness, their arrogant airs, and their impossible English accents, bring discredit on the whole community. The "representative citizens" who attend civic functions are drawn from class number three, and no envious feelings are directed their way by those who do not happen to be "representative citizens." A hungry, wolfing lot they are too, right valiant when flesh

Misleading designations

and wine pots are arrayed against them, and as none but the brave deserve the "fare," justice, as represented by themselves, demands that their valour be rewarded by generous fare, and they see that they get it.

Because he is a bank clerk an individual is not entitled to describe himself in the passenger list of a steamship as a "banker," yet this thing has been done by a member of class number three. The individual in question struck the writer at first as being a superior young bagman masquerading as a member of the Royal Family travelling incognito, until he was heard to pronounce the word "Cecil" as "Ceecil." That settled it, for Edinburgh-English of the third class is unmistakable.

To be a commercial traveller has certain advantages, and among these may be mentioned the opportunities afforded of seeing the world and mingling with assorted types of humanity. Few "drummers" find it desirable to conceal the fact that they are out on trading missions, but an Edinburgh commercial traveller has discovered that his rank in the third class demands that he should get around cadging for orders in the spurious guise of a "partner," this on the strength of his owning a few shares in a limited liability concern which employs him.

To be a member of the S.S.C. Society is to belong to a most honourable body of attorneys. To be a member of the W.S. Society is to belong to an

equally honourable body of attorneys. In the gradation of Edinburgh society the W.S. is understood to rank a degree higher than the S.S.C., and in Edinburgh the latter is sometimes known to take into partnership, but not into confidence, a "Co.," whose W.S. qualification permits of the brass plate and letter paper of the legal concern being embellished with the letters "W.S." Promotion for the S.S.C. from the third to the second class sometimes follows the alliance, but not always. The S.S.C. and his "Co."

To remain in the third class over long is felt to be irksome, and dealers in ready-made slops have been known to design themselves as "merchant tailors," solely in the hope of their being allowed to climb up one storey in the social staircase. The time may not be far distant when the firewood dealer with social ambitions will describe himself as a "timber merchant."

The people who hire summer quarters in inexpensive districts and have notepaper embossed with the name of a hired house and its locality are people belonging to the third class. "Shaleholm, Broxburn, N.B.," reads well on stout notepaper, and suggests the ownership or tenancy of an estate in the country. That suggestion is exactly what the house-hirer desires to convey to the friends with whom he corresponds.

The people of Edinburgh who seek to get rich in a hurry in order to obtain promotion are likewise of the third class, and attorneys who mix

**Automobiles and fur coats**

clients' moneys with their own and get into trouble accordingly are third-class citizens of Edinburgh. Stock Exchange gamblers, when they emerge victorious from a big deal or a long course of risky dealings, receive promotion from the third to the second class, and buy automobiles and fur coats. If they come out skinned and shorn and burdened with liabilities, which they have criminally accumulated round their shoulders, they remain in the third class on sufferance. That is, unless they go to prison, in which case they become unclassed altogether, so far as Edinburgh is concerned.

The people who belong to the first, second, and third classes referred to are stereotyped. The topmost lot are quietly respectable, dull in fact. The second lot exhibit more signs of life, but unfortunately they labour under the delusion that life is represented by Edinburgh society. The third lot are raffish creatures, uncultured, and given to simulate culture by a veneer, which is as easily detected as being bogus as the impossible English accent which is adopted by them. Among the young of this class the expression, "something chronic," is vulgarly and very ignorantly used to denote "something terrible," while, if they be from the Newington or Morningside districts, use of the words "thon" (yon) and "thur" (those) is not neglected so much as their education has been. By their works and also by their words so shall ye know them, and the "representative citizen" may

be recognised by his wolfish appetite and blatant style.

The important citizens

The really important citizens of the capital are those of the fourth class, which includes clerics who work among the poor, commercial travellers who are not too big for their jobs, small tradesmen, unpretentious doctors, dentists, and attorneys, clerks who admit being clerks and not "assistants" or "secretaries," veterinary surgeons, pawnbrokers, Corporation minor employees, publicans who personally attend to their pubs, newspaper reporters, thieves, police officers under the grade of superintendent, horse dealers, bookmakers, artists without letters after their names, working men, workmen, mechanics, professional pedestrians, professional footballers, owners of whippets, cab-drivers, begging-letter impostors, waiters, tramway employees, shebeeners, and husbands of washerwomen. These and their kind are the true citizens of Edinburgh, and their numbers entitle them to be regarded as the backbone of the city. As they do not put on frills, their importance is only admitted locally by the people of superior grades when parliamentary and municipal elections are imminent, when their support will be anxiously sought by persons seeking to climb to the top storey of the social structure. When elections are not on hand they are let alone and ignored, except when it is found desirable to refer to them as "the masses" in municipal and parliamentary clap-trap.

An unrefined waiter

The members of the fourth class do not cultivate over-much the refinements of civilised life. For instance, a waiter who found at a military ball a toy bear decked out with jewellery was so unacquainted with the usages of polite society as to be ignorant of the fact that a toy bear, or a doll, or a mechanical rabbit, or an infant's rattle, is a most important part of the ballroom outfit of a lady of fashion, and so the uncultivated waiter, who imagined that what he had found was a child's plaything, kept his find, and got into the hands of the police accordingly.

In classes two, three, and four able and willing golfers in large numbers are to be found, for golf is a levelling game. From the ranks of the young members of classes three and four the athletes in the district are drawn, but the gigantic gates drawn at local Association football matches are representative entirely of class number four. Rugby and cricket matches receive the patronage of spectators belonging to the classes two and three, and there is less fighting, swearing, and drinking among such spectators than is to be found in the Association crowds.

It is a healthy feature about Edinburgh that it is the headquarters of Rugby football in Scotland, though it is scarcely so healthy to find that Scotsmen resident in England are invariably preferred for international teams to those of local training and experience. *Per contra*, in the Association

game the Edinburgh product is eagerly bought up by English clubs, so honours are even in football supply and demand.

The real people are human

The inquiring stranger seeking to acquaint himself with the people of the capital should first devote himself to locating the whole adult members of the third class, above referred to. When he is sure he knows them sufficiently well to be able to recognise them on sight, he should then set about avoiding them. By eliminating them from the programme the genuine aborigines and inhabitants may be studied more comfortably, and the result of such a study will be, it may be hoped, the sure knowledge that the real people of the capital are, in a provincial way, as human as those of any other city.

## XXIV

### Reflection

**Here endeth the tour**

So far as the present work is concerned, our grand tour of inspection is at an end, though there is no reason why the reader should not go further and deeper in his investigations and explorations in the capital. The trades and manufactures of the city, for instance, offer objects of study, though these, with the exception of brewing, have not received much attention in the preceding pages. They are now so extensive and so likely to become more extensive if they get a chance that, without turning this volume into a mercantile directory, adequate justice could not be done to such a subject as the commerce of Edinburgh. Sufficient has been said, however, to indicate that the capital has the makings of a great mercantile and manufacturing city, and the success which has followed on the introduction to the world of a new brand of lager beer, bearing the name of Jeffrey, Edinburgh, may encourage the producers of other articles of commerce to open the eyes of the world to the trade resources of Scotland's capital.

Having completed the grand tour, we do well to cast our thoughts back over what we have seen,

The Castle from Grassmarket

and, not unnaturally, if certain objects inviting criticism have presented themselves to our minds, we now begin to believe a duty lies with us to play the kind part of candid friends. Candid criticism

Suppose we start by pointing monitory fingers towards the east, and we are inspired to advise the tearing down of the senseless array of pillars representing the Scottish National Monument, for, unless the inhabitants of the capital change their habits and become business-like enough to act like grown persons, no money will be forthcoming to complete the monument. It has been called "Scotland's Folly," and it may be likened exactly to an erection composed of wooden bricks which are made in Germany for the diversion of young children. Young children sometimes start away to build their temples of wood and fall asleep when they find that there are not sufficient bricks in the box to give the structure an appearance of reality. The National Monument on the Calton Hill is emblematic of a collection of children contentedly sleeping until some more bricks arrive, and who are likely to cry when, on opening their eyes, they discover that no fresh supplies have been delivered.

Children play with toys of different sorts, and among them miniature vehicles are included. Tramway cars, for example, are sometimes a source of diversion to juvenile minds. We who have been getting around the city as inquiring strangers must

Infantile diversions

have been struck with the fact that adult, as well as juvenile, children have their vehicular diversions in Edinburgh, and the great vehicular diversion of the capital, we are convinced, is the cable-car system, which is a source of never-ending joy to those citizens who are not forced to travel on the cars. To be in a hurry is to be eccentric in Edinburgh, and the truth of this is advertised to all whom it may concern by means of metal tickets on lamp-posts, each of which bears the legend, "Cars stop." Many regard the advertisement as a warning not to board the tramcars, which frequently do stop most completely and thoroughly when breakdowns occur. We who are mere outsiders, when we look back on our pleasant voyagings about Edinburgh on tramcars worked on a pit-head haulage system, will, in our distant homes, admit honestly and fairly to ourselves that, while we, as temporary residents in Edinburgh, have permitted the glamour of the cable car to distract our attention from the fact that we are living in the twentieth century, we yet prefer to live and move and have our being within reach of vehicular traffic which is sufficiently reliable and active to put no obstacle in the way of our earning a living on a business footing. Our homes may be far across the ocean, or they may be no further distant than Musselburgh or Leith. Wherever our homes may be, the memories of our cable-car voyages and stoppages in Scotland's capital will be pleasantly

reminiscent of the time when we were not in a hurry. The 10 p.m. maelstrom

Not less pleasant will be those memories of delightful Saturday nights spent by us on the streets of the capital of Scotland acquainting ourselves with the favourite relaxations of the ordinary people who represent the backbone of the community. We have, of course, joined those worthy souls in their innocent diversions, and have experienced the public-house maëlstrom at 10 p.m., when surging crowds of men, dissatisfied with the amount of strong drink already concealed about their persons, have clamoured for bottles of spirits to be handed over to them in order that they might in the street drink to the very good health of the magistrates of the city, which latter have, in their improved mental health, given cause for rejoicing to the populace. The toasts of the populace, we know, are the expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the early-closing system, which has led to a charming and altogether satisfactory increase in the number of apprehensions for drunkenness.

None of us, let it be hoped, are in our distant homes cherishing kindly memories of the shebeens of the capital of Scotland, for such institutions are supposed to be non-existent, although the cab-drivers of Edinburgh have certain information which can, we believe, contradict the supposition. If we have been lucky during our sojourn in the capital, we will have been privileged to enjoy the

Municipal personages

company of one or more of the municipal persons whose healths are regularly drunk in crude spirit by an admiring populace, and to have enjoyed the honour of meeting them in the comfortable smoke-rooms of respectable clubs between the hours of 10 p.m. and 12 midnight. We may have wondered why those municipal persons should have been described to us as "back-numbers bound in red cloth," but our wonderment has not interfered with our enjoyment of their company. We who have been lucky will harbour none but happy memories of the opportunities afforded us of observing how the compliment of the toasters on the pavement is returned, in silence, it is true, but none the less enthusiastically, by the toastees. The mineral and other waters dear to the palates of those municipal persons, we, their privileged guests, have noticed have been most prudently sterilised by the admixture therewith of certain liquids which we have, on sampling them, found to be not at all nauseous, and the memories of our privileges will be rendered all the more happy by our acquired knowledge that our hosts of 10 o'clock closing enthusiasm are quite capable of working out, in a club smoke-room, even between the hours of 10 p.m. and 12 midnight, a scheme whereby the ordinary citizens may revel in the luxury of a 7 p.m. instead of a 10 p.m. public-house bottle-demanding maëlstrom.

It is highly probable that elsewhere the state-

ment has been made that wise men are to be found in the east. Our return tickets to western districts have, happily, been kept in safe places, and so we congratulate ourselves on not having been stranded in the east, and not a little pleasure will be experienced after we are arrived home in contemplating the truth that wisdom is as elastic a term as hypocrisy. A "wise woman" in France, we know, is not necessarily possessed of wisdom. Neither, we understand, is a wise man of the east necessarily an honest believer in the early closing of licensed houses. Elastic terms

Those of us who are of Canada will compliment ourselves on having felt quite at ease in the capital of Scotland on Sundays, and on our return home we will set about considering how the Sunday of the Canadian city, which is a dismal affair, may be rendered still more attractively dismal for the populace by copying the Sunday of Edinburgh. It will be small trouble for us to arrange that our young people shall practise the art of aimless but assiduous pedestrianism up and down a main city thoroughfare measuring one mile from end to end, and a faithful reproduction of Princes Street on a Sunday night is not beyond our power—provided that attention be paid to a strict discouragement of counter allurements from the path (one mile in length) of rectitude of the Edinburgh brand, in the shape of Sunday concerts and such like baits which are spread by the Evil One to attract visitors to the pit which is devoid of bottom.

**Shiftlessness and humbug**

If, after a sojourn in Edinburgh, we return to our homes, and in the privacy of our chambers admit to ourselves frankly that we have been cultivating a tendency to study shiftlessness and humbug, we are disposed to put ourselves right with our consciences by swearing that we will in the future be careful in our selection of cities to be visited, by omitting some and including others, and if we be methodical persons we will make out a list of places we mean to avoid. If we put our list into a book with a lettered index it may happen that that part of the index coming under the letter "E" will become well-thumbed.

Let us suppose (merely for the purpose of indulging in a supposition) that we go to our homes firmly convinced in our minds that we have acquainted ourselves with what the accent of the inhabitants of the Scottish capital is like, as likely as not we find ourselves imagining that the third-class citizen's attempt at a fluency in Houndsditch is a representative dialect, whereas it is really the dialect of a third-class exponent of a jargon which demands that the word "bore" should be pronounced as "baw." If we return home with false ideas as to the accent of the citizens of Edinburgh, friends ought to come in and tell us that, while it is believed in the capital that no traces of accent are to be found, the truth is that the accent, unlike that of Glasgow, which is of the switchback order, may be likened unto the accent of a person

who is being drawn up the slope of a "shooting-the-chute" apparatus. The city wants "go"

To be a cosmopolitan is to be a person who includes among his qualifications the gift of distinguishing a town or city which is of one-horse power from one which prides itself on the possession of engines of high power, and we who are cosmopolitans, after a little reflection, are liable to convince ourselves that we have found few indications about Edinburgh to justify our classing it as a high-powered concern. We must admit to ourselves that a temporary sojourn in Scotland's capital is a delightful experience, but that admission does not prevent us from confessing that we have found something awanting in the scheme of the city, and that which is awanting is "go." We have, of course, done a few turns up and down Princes Street on different days and at different hours of each day, and naturally we have marvelled at seeing the same faces passing and repassing. This has led us to believe that the owners of the faces are exhibition performers on the race-track of life, and we compliment ourselves that we do not happen to be pedestrians who indulge in exhibition performances. We who are used to boulevards and avenues are not above showing ourselves for the benefit of an admiring public, only it is our habit to have some definite object in our expeditions, even though it be nothing more worthy than the purchase of a

Unrecognisable utility

drink at a certain café or saloon; and, frankly, we confess to ourselves that we have failed to understand the Princes Street shamble.

We have admired Princes Street more than we have admired its promenaders, for these have struck us as being a unique class of an unrecognisable utility in the scheme of the world of to-day which is moving. We have, perchance, abjectly removed our uncouthly clad persons to the garden side of Princes Street in order not to offend the eyes of the artistically draped aristocrats of Edinburgh, admitting their right to claim the pavement as their own property; but, by having done so, we do not hold ourselves barred from disputing, should the occasion arise, the Edinburgh aristocrats' right to precedence in a rush for the boats at sea.

We have, some of us, joined the sportive golfers of Edinburgh on some fair green, and have admired the general excellence of their play. Our admiration has been tempered somewhat by finding that these worthy golfers regard the game as the only serious affair of life, and we bethink us that the general backwardness of the capital, comparing it with other capitals, is partly due to the earnestness with which work is neglected in order that golf may be indulged in. Conversationally we have not enjoyed the company of the golfers of the capital—we who believe in more than one topic being introduced into general conversation.

The Spahis of France

Certain of us who have admired the uniform of the Spahis of the French army have been disappointed to learn that the wearers of the picturesque garb are neither Riffian pirates nor Algerian professional robbers, but, on the contrary, are merely French military misfits, whose records have earned for them the opportunities of expiating their sins by putting in their service in the French North African settlements. We have seen and admired in Edinburgh the kilted warriors of Scotland, and have acquired the information that, though their picturesque garb is that of the Gaelic Highlander, many of the wearers of the garb have been recruited from the slums of Lowland Scottish cities, and even from the land south of the Border and from that distressful country which mingles its tears with the Irish Sea. On comparing those kilted militants with the Spahis, we have been pleased to learn that their records are much more honourable than those of the latter; though we have been disappointed to discover that the mere donning of a kilt does not necessarily denote the possession of the language, the sentiment, and the hardiness of the genuine Gael, yet we have been disposed to take comfort from the thought that there is still a good leavening of veritable Highlanders in each Highland regiment.

One of our happiest recollections of our sojourn in Edinburgh will be that we have been privileged to inspect a *bona fide* Highlander clad in the

A bona fide Highlander

picturesque raiment which Mr. H. Lauder has been at pains to introduce to the notice of the world, and our memories of the capital will ever gratefully take cognisance of the circumstance that a Highland chief or chieftain of a clan or of a sept has been seen mingling with idle persons who, when they are cornered, will shamefacedly design themselves as being of "Scotch," and not of "Scots" or "Scottish" nationality. We have seen on Princes Street the representative of the Highlands in the full glory of the traditional habiliments of his race, and when, in far-distant music halls, we see the same habiliments paraded before our notice, we will not forget that we have seen the real article amid natural surroundings, even though he has not arrested our attention by ejaculating in public, "Hoots, mon!"

Speakers on political, municipal, temperance, Socialist, Parish Council, and School Board platforms have the happy knack of arriving at proof of certain matters by answering, in a convincing and satisfactory manner, questions which they themselves have put, and more than one of Charles Dickens's notable characters owned the same useful faculty of proving things. Having such excellent precedent, we who are now about to dismiss thoughts of our pilgrimage from our minds are justified in grouping ourselves together in solemn conclave, and putting to ourselves and to the audience gathered round us the question, "What's wrong

with Edinburgh?" Having at our command all the cunning powers of occult jugglery which make it possible for us to arrive simultaneously from the outside world, we artfully contrive to put the said question to ourselves and to our audience within the Hall of Usher in the city of Edinburgh, and, while annoyed with the answering shouts of resident somnambulists in the back benches, "It's all right!" we proceed to answer our query in our own way.

An earthquake wanted

Edinburgh suffers from a want of shaking up, and the sooner the attentions of a medium-sized, moral earthquake are courted the better for the capital. Earthquakes are awkward things to run up against, but they have their uses, just as cyclones have theirs, and because San Francisco has failed to lay to heart the lesson meant to be conveyed to its inhabitants by the recent earthquake which rumbled the city up, the citizens of Edinburgh should not imagine that such manifestations of Nature are always bad things.

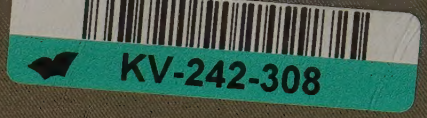
Ere we quit the platform we who hold forth in the phantom Hall of Usher, deceased, seek to pacify the resident somnambulists of the back benches by admitting that Edinburgh is really all right in regard to its climate, which, though sometimes severe, is generally bracing and invigorating, and also in regard to its spectacular aspect, which is magnificent. But we qualify our admissions by stating that, while from our point of view as tem-

"Wake up!"

porary sojourners within its gates, the city is quite a desirable place wherein to spend a pleasant holiday, yet from our point of view as citizens of the great living world which lies beyond the gates, Edinburgh is not all right; and so, benignantly waving our hands to the pacified and entranced back-benchers (among whom we notice several point-duty constables and many individuals whose figures are draped in scarlet bedgowns), we quit the platform, delivering ourselves of the earnest exhortation—

"Wake Up!"

Finis.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